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# HISTORY

OF THE

19th

## NINETEENTH REGIMENT

1846

IOWA VOLUNTEER INFANTRY,

BY

J. IRVINE DUNGAN.

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DAVENPORT, IOWA:  
PUBLISHING HOUSE OF LUSE & GRIGGS.  
1865.



F DUNGAN, J IRVINE.

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TO  
THOSE AT HOME  
WHO PRAYED,  
WHILE WE IN THE FIELD  
BATTLED,  
ARE THESE FEW PAGES  
DEDICATED.





## INTRODUCTION.

The following pages have been prepared at the request of many of my regiment, and are sent out to the members of the Nineteenth Iowa Infantry, and their friends, as a plain simple narration of a few of those things we saw, and did, during three years' service.

If the style is rude and disconnected, or the language uncouth, let it be remembered that less than two months have been occupied in the preparation, fresh from rough camp life, and in the first excitement of reaching home.

No learned disquisition upon the causes of the war, nor criticisms upon officers, civil or military, have been attempted.

Daily from the pens of our ablest writers, are drifting forth page after page of history; let this, then, but chronicle the few adventures, common to thousands of men, who have often had occasion to choose for their motto the words of Barnaby Rudge's Raven, "*Never say die.*"

Yet many of those men now live but in our hearts and in the gratitude of a country, the zenith of whose power has not yet been reached, for does it not take a thousand years for the Cypress tree to attain its full size? \* \* \* \* \*

I am under many obligations to Colonel Bruce and Adjutant Johnson for the use of official records; and



more particularly to Dr. Thos. S. Bell, of Wapello, who gave me the use of his private journal, and without which, I could not have been so accurate in dates, nor could I have given the Brownsville expedition and life in that part of Texas, as I was at that time enjoying "Southern hospitality."

With an appeal to the Charity of the reader, this little book is given you

BY THE AUTHOR.



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## CHAPTER I.

In response to the call for "Six hundred thousand more," made in 1862, Iowa sent out eighteen regiments, the first of which was the Nineteenth Infantry.

This regiment was organized in August at Keokuk, Iowa.

The following is a roster of the original organization:

### FIELD AND STAFF OFFICERS.

Colonel.....	BENJAMIN CRABB.
Lieut. Colonel.....	SAMUEL MCFARLAND.
Major .....	DANIEL KENT.
Adjutant .....	GRANVILLE G. BENNETT.
Quartermaster.....	JOSEPH H. DOWNING.
Surgeon .....	PHILLIP HARVEY.
Asst. Surgeons.....	LEWIS M. SLOANAKER.
	DENNISON A. HURST.
Chaplain .....	DENNIS MURPHY.
Sergeant Major.....	CHAS. B. BUCKINGHAM.
Quartermaster Sergeant.	JAMES BENNETT.
Commissary Sergeant...	FRANCIS A. HITCHCOCK.
Hospital Steward.....	THOS. S. BELL.
Drum Major.....	GEO. H. BERRY.
Fife Major.....	JAMES PAYNE.

### COMPANY "A."

Enrolled in Lee County.

NAME.	OCCUPATION.
Captain, John Bruce,	Lawyer.
1st Lieut., Thos. L. Sprott,	Farmer.
2nd Lieut., Norvill Powell,	do



NAME.	OCCUPATION.
1st Serg't, B. F. McIntyre,	Carpenter.
Serg't Wm. Ballinger,	Student.
" Hiram L. Etheridge,	Clerk.
" Thos. Dial,	Miner.
" Eugene Knight,	Stone Cutter.
Corp. Hiram W. Snyder,	Farmer.
" Bruce W. Cotton,	Machinist.
" T. F. Phillips,	Printer.
" J. Henry Schroeder,	do
" Edmund A. Dickey,	Tailor.
" Oscar G. Burch,	Clerk.
" John M. Boyer,	Farmer.
" D. G. Anderson,	Plasterer.
Wagoner, Fred. Parks,	Teamster.
Private R. C. Anderson,	Farmer.
" Howell G. Adell,	do
" John T. Adell,	do
" Barney Amoss,	Collier.
" James M. Avis,	Farmer.
" Francis M. Brown,	Saloon Keeper.
" Lewis M. Boyer,	Farmer.
" Lewis N. Beucler,	do
" John Best,	do
" Julien Ballard,	do
" Albert Bain,	Brick Maker.
" Wm. B. Baltzell,	Farmer.
" Andrew Coulter,	Shoe Maker.
" James M. Coleman,	Farmer.
" John T. Cross,	do
" John T. Chambers,	Printer.
" Joseph Chilton,	Miner.
" Joseph Cooper,	Farmer.



# NINETEENTH IOWA INFANTRY.

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NAME.	OCCUPATION.
Private Isaac Clark,	Farmer.
" Jacob Frederick,	do
" Wm. Glassford,	do
" John M. Games,	Laborer.
" Benj. F. Games,	Clerk.
" Benj. F. Goodwin,	Musician.
" Wm. George,	do
" Geo. Hoffman,	Teamster.
" Jacob Haisch,	Farmer.
" R. A. Hawthorne,	do
" Wm. Harrison,	Shoemaker.
" John Howard,	Farmer.
" Otto Holstein,	Clerk.
" Elmore Heaton,	Farmer.
" Harrison Jones,	do
" Philip Jones,	do
" Isaac Jones,	do
" Henry Johnson,	do
" Chas. H. Judd,	Clerk.
" David A. Lakin,	Farmer.
" Daniel C. Leming,	do
" John W. Lyon,	do
" Thos. Laughery,	do
" Peter Lambert,	Gardener.
" Geo. W. Link,	Farmer.
" Thos. J. Marshall,	do
" Jasper K. Mason,	Cooper.
" Wm. H. McVeigh,	Farmer.
" Geo. A. Marks,	Miner.
" John Mitchell,	Engineer.
" Patrick McMannis,	Laborer.
" Wm. S. McCulley,	Farmer.



NAME.	OCCUPATION.
Private Joseph C. Pence,	Miner.
" Fred. A. N. Pearce,	Book Binder.
" Thos. F. Pashan,	Blacksmith.
" Wm. Paine,	Farmer.
" Alex. Quarry,	do
" David A. Robertson,	do
" Jacob Root,	do
" Benedict Reumer,	do
" Thos. Bellihan,	Laborer.
" Henry Ryder,	Farmer
" Dan. Ryder,	do
" Wm. Stuart,	do
" Chris. Schmidt,	Blacksmith.
" Norman Sortwell,	Cooper.
" John Simmons,	Farmer.
" John P. Stevenson,	Clerk.
" Andrew Sheets,	Farmer.
" Eli Sheets,	do
" James Sprott,	Engineer.
" Conrad Schafer	Carpenter.
" Alex. M. Taylor,	Farmer.
" Chas. W. Towner,	do
" Jasper Trimble,	do
" James Uttley,	do
" Wm. T. Uttley,	do
" David A. Wilkins,	Plasterer.
" Wm. H. West,	Baker.
" Daid Wise,	Raftsmen.
" Chas. A. Wright,	Farmer.
" Joseph White,	do
" Andrew R. Walker,	Blacksmith.
" Jesse W. Webb,	Clerk.





# NINETEENTH IOWA INFANTRY.

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## COMPANY "B."

Enrolled in Jefferson County.

NAME.	OCCUPATION.
Captain, Harry Jordar,	Merchant.
1st Lieut., J. M. Woods,	Teacher.
2nd Lieut., A. S. Jordan,	Merchant.
1st Serg't, Albert M. Roth,	Clerk.
Serg't Jos. D. Rambo,	Miller.
" John E. Roth,	Clerk.
" James S. Mount,	Teacher.
" Wm. R. Hendricks,	Farmer.
Corp. Thos. A. Stolaberger	do
" Wm. S. McKee,	do
" Richard Bird,	Saddler.
" Dan. F. McLean,	Farmer.
" Henry C. Frisbee,	Shoemaker.
" Sam. Mount,	Farmer.
" John H. Young,	Clerk.
" Rich. H. Dickson,	Farmer.
Musician, Silas H. Hicks,	do
" Chas. Leach,	do
Wagoner, Dan. Harter,	do
Private A. J. Ashbrook,	do
" L. J. Allen,	Blacksmith.
" Francis M. Byrkit,	Clerk.
" Horace Birdsell,	Farmer.
" Thompson Cool,	do
" Dan. R. Cumagys,	do
" Robt. B. Caulk,	do
" Abraham Colburn,	do
" Nathan P. Claridge,	Farmer.
" Augustus F. Dudley	do
" John Driskill,	do



NAME.	OCCUPATION.
Private Ed. Darling,	Miscellaneous.
" Davis Driskill,	Farmer.
" Enos Dutton,	do
" Henry Ethridge,	do
" Andrew C. Fry,	do
" James I. Fulton,	do
" G. S. Fryman,	do
" Henry Fowler,	do
" Jacob Gift,	do
" Samuel Garber,	do
" Joseph Gibson,	Carpenter.
" James W. Gift,	Farmer.
" Henry Grammer,	do
" Robt. Howard,	do
" James Haymond,	do
" Lewis Heald,	do
" David Heald,	do
" John F. Hooper,	do
" John W. Henderson,	Carpenter.
" Joseph Hudgel,	Farmer.
" Wm. Hooper,	do
" Manfred Hall,	Carpenter.
" Wm. W. Hall,	Farmer.
" Benj. Ivins,	do
" John H. Irvin,	do
" Elias B. Jones,	Coach Maker.
" Joseph Jenkins,	Farmer.
" Lewis A. Karns,	Farmer.
" Gilbert Locke,	Painter.
" Joseph McCully,	Farmer.
" Henry R. Moore,	do
" David Metzler,	do

1841-1842 (1841-1842)

1843-1844 (1843-1844)

1845-1846 (1845-1846)

NAME.	OCCUPATION.
Private John H. Miller,	Painter.
" Thos. H. Moore,	Farmer.
" Wm. McCormick,	do
" Geo. Majors,	do
" John McMorrow,	do
" Joseph McMurray,	do
" J. A. Montgomery,	do
" Harvey M. Manning	do
" John D. Orrick,	Cabinet Maker.
" Philip Polston,	Engineer.
" Enos Rushton,	Farmer.
" John L. Runnels,	Tinner.
" David Rock,	Farmer.
" Isaac Rumer,	do
" Isaac F. Stanford,	do
" James W. Scott,	do
" How. A. Straight,	Machinist.
" John G. Snook,	Farmer.
" Robt. H. Skeen,	do
" Jacob M. Slimmer,	do
" Calvin Shattuck,	do
" Wm. Taylor,	do
" Thos. W. Titus,	do
" Eli F. Triggs,	do
" John M. Towne,	Teacher.
" Jacob Vaught,	Farmer.
" Thos. S. Washburne,	do
" James Walkup,	do
" Theodore S. Waters,	do



## COMPANY "C."

Enrolled in Washington County.

NAME.	OCCUPATION.
Captain T. H. Stanton,	Printer.
1st Lient., John S. Gray,	Farmer.
2nd Lt., E. O. Woodford,	Sawyer.
1st Serg't, S. Farnsworth,	Bank Teller.
Serg't Thos. McGannon,	Farmer.
" Geo. Johnston,	do
" W. G. Simmons,	do
" Wm. R. Jeffrey,	do
Corp. S. C. Limbocker,	do
" Luke W. Osborn,	do
" Wm. McConahey,	do
" Wm. A. Smith,	Blacksmith.
" Alex. H. Young,	Farmer.
" Thos. E. Johnson,	do
" Geo. Temple.	do
" Robt. M. Glasgow,	do
Private Samuel Atwood,	do
" D. C. Anderson,	do
" James S. Anderson,	do
" H. W. Anderson,	do
" Samuel P. Beard,	do
" Samuel A. Black,	Farmer.
" Fleming Bevans,	do
" James Bennett,	do
" Isaac N. Brown,	do
" Jacob Z. Bowman,	do
" Wm. A. Bailey,	do
" Geo. Cosner,	do
" Cyrus Condit,	do
" Levi B. Cocklin,	do





NAME.	OCCUPATION.
Private Ezekiel C. Condit,	Farmer.
" Lycenas W. Carson,	do
" Moore G. Davidson,	do
" Wm. E. Dawson,	Miller.
" Isaac Draper,	Farmer.
" J. Irvine Dungan,	Student,
" J. Rankin Doig,	do
" Sam. T. Easter,	Farmer.
" John Essley,	do
" Geo. W. Fling,	do
" David Gilleland,	do
" L. Stone Hall,	do
" Nath. G. Hesseltine,	Blacksmith.
" John Hulick,	Farmer.
" John J. Helwick,	do
" Edm. B. Helwick,	do
" Udolphus Johnson,	Carpenter.
" Wm. W. Kendall,	do
" Alex. Kirkpatrick,	Farmer.
" John S. Kirkpatrick,	do
" John M. Lytle,	do
" Richard H. Lewis,	do
" Wm. Lytle,	do
" Wm. J. Lewis,	do
" George Maier,	do
" Charlie McDonald,	do
" J. Wesley Morton,	do
" Wm. McDowell,	Miller.
" And. McCampbell,	Farmer.
" Chas. N. McKensie,	do
" Wm. McGregor,	do
" Robt. J. Moore,	Engineer.



NAME.	OCCUPATION.
Private Geo. D. Organ,	Clerk.
" John M. Porter,	Farmer.
" Tolbert Russell,	do
" Jas. T. Robertson,	do
" Add. P. Randall,	do
" M. Scott Russell,	do
" John C. Ritchie,	do
" Augustine Robinette,	do
" Geo. M. Stultz,	Carpenter.
" Wilber D. Sherman,	Farmer.
" Noah C. Southard,	do
" Philip B. Shafer,	do
" Wm. M. Smith,	do
" Abraham Snyder,	Mason.
" Jos. M. Snider,	Farmer.
" Geo. Stump,	do
" Ralph Shatto,	do
" Leander H. Smiley,	do
" Abner S. Stephen,	do
" Israel Trostle,	do
" Melville A. Tenney,	do
" Jas. Van Winkle,	do
" Marshall Wilkin,	do
" John Wilson,	do
" Wm. A. Wallace,	do
" John S. White,	do
" Elias Worthington,	do
" B. F. Wideman,	Clerk.
" John N. Young,	Farmer.
" James H. Young,	do
" Wm. Lea,	do
" Gordon D. Collins,	do



# NINETEENTH IOWA INFANTRY.

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NAME.	OCCUPATION.
Private Chas. H. Nichols,	Farmer.
“ Jacob Kime,	do
“ John T. J. Long,	Blacksmith.
“ Abner B. Power,	Farmer.
“ Wm. Blair,	Salesman.
“ Aaron Abbott,	Farmer.
“ J. Willis Abbott,	do.

## COMPANY “D.”

Enrolled in Jefferson County.

Captain, Joshua Wright.	
1st Lieut., Harrison Smith,	Farmer.
2d Lieut., Wm. S. Brooks,	Teacher.
1st Serg't, Thos. A. Robb,	Farmer.
Serg't, Geo. W. Robinson,	Merchant.
“ Basil D. Mowery,	Farmer.
“ W. S. Gregg,	do
“ Wm. H. Lewis,	do
Corp. Jacob Burris,	Carpenter.
“ Wm. A. Teagarden,	Farmer.
“ Wm. M. Campbell,	do
“ Wm. L. Lindley,	Shoemaker.
“ Geo. W. Ream,	Farmer.
“ Wm. Robinson,	do
“ Leander Powelson,	Carpenter.
“ Henry Cline,	Farmer.
Musician, Nelson E. Hall,	Wagon Maker.
Wagoner, Jacob Garver,	Farmer.
Private, Miles Burris,	do
“ James Barnes,	Shoemaker.
“ James Burris,	Cabinet Maker.
“ Dan'l. B. Brooks,	Farmer.



NAME.	OCCUPATION.
Private John Berry,	Farmer.
" Dan'l. Burris,	Laborer.
" Stephen Burris,	Carpenter.
" D. M. Buckingham,	Farmer.
" Banzyl G. Booten,	do
" John F. Ball,	do
" John Crowner,	do
" Evin F. Cowger,	do
" Clawson Campbell,	do
" Jonathan Carson,	do
" Jacob Cline,	do
" Calvin B. Campbell,	do
" Joseph Calhoun,	do
" James W. Clelland,	do
" Lewis Clark,	Carpenter.
" Wm. F. Davis,	Farmer.
" Wm. H. Ellen,	do
" Jonathan Elder,	do
" Marcellus Flenor,	do
" Seborn Ford,	do
" Jesse Fisk,	do
" Willard Flenor,	do
" James Good,	do
" Thos. Gardner,	do
" John Huddelstone,	do
" Saml. H. Henderson,	do
" J. B. Hanks,	Broom Maker.
" Perry Harrison,	Farmer.
" Swain Hand,	do
" U. Huddelstone,	do
" A. J. Holmes,	do
" Wm. H. Jacques,	do





NAME.	OCCUPATION.
Private Henry Jones,	Farmer.
“ James C. Kaylor,	Laborer.
“ Wm. H. Lewis,	Farmer.
“ Peter R. Lilly,	Musician.
“ John H. Lagle,	Farmer.
“ John D. Locke,	do
“ Albert G. Lewis,	do
“ Geo. W. Moore,	do
“ Charles Mick,	do
“ Jas. K. P. Mowery,	do
“ Marion Marlow,	do
“ Wm. Milliken,	do
“ James McCart,	do.
“ Wm. F. McReynolds,	do
“ Shelton Morris,	do
“ Caffrey Marlow,	do
“ L. A. McReynolds,	do
“ Geo. McCrary,	do
“ Geo. Poffinberger,	do
“ Jasper Parrott,	do
“ Samuel Plymire,	do
“ James H. Pope,	do
“ Flavius Remine,	do
“ John W. Roberts,	do
“ M. Robinson,	do
“ Hugh Scott,	do
“ Jonathan Scott,	do
“ Jasper Shelley,	do
“ Wm. Scott,	do
“ John B. Smith,	do
“ Adam Stump,	do
“ Z. T. Sylvester,	do



NAME.	OCCUPATION.
" Joseph J. Sperry,	Blacksmith.
" Thos. E. Schooley,	Farmer.
" Frank M. Trobee,	Clerk.
" Henry Williams,	Farmer.
" James M. Wright,	M. D.
" Geo. W. Wright,	Farmer.
" Geo. Wilson,	do
" Lemuel West,	do
" David Wolf,	do
" John Wakup,	do
" David Wakup,	do
" John H. Webb,	Mason.
" A. J. Weatchter,	Cabinet Maker.

## COMPANY "E."

Enrolled in Lee County.

Captain, Wm. Adams,	Merchant.
1st Lieut., Wm. H. Gill,	Farmer.
2d Lieut., S. B. Guernsey,	Bank Teller.
1st Serg't, Chas. E. Gibbs,	Book Keeper.
Serg't, Wm. Walker,	Farmer.
" Geo. W. Hardwick,	Teacher.
" Thos. Wilde,*	Farmer.
" Elisha B. Hitchcock,	do
Corp. Jas. E. Henderson,	do
" James M. Layton,	Printer.
" Cullen H. Angel,	Farmer.
" John S. Kirk,	Guard.
" Elisha Ricketts,	Farmer.
" James W. McClure,	do
" Wm. D. Houghland,	Carpenter.

\*Deserter.



NAME.	OCCUPATION.
Corp. Henry Rhoda,	Farmer.
Musician, M. Whinery,	None.
“ Sylvanus Scott,	Book Keeper.
“ John Bonnell,	Farmer.
Wagoner, Wm. Green,	Bricklayer.
“ John McCannon,	Farmer.
Private, Wm. H. Arnold,	Farmer.
“ Nathaniel Brockway,	do
“ Stephen B. Bricker,	do
“ Sam'l B. Campbell,	do
“ John Cochrane,	Carpenter.
“ James Ross Crosley,	Farmer.
“ Thos. E. Chambers,	Engineer
“ O. G. B. Cline,	Farmer.
“ Asaph C. Dewey,	do
“ Sylvester Dye,	do
“ James Deighton,	do
“ Geo. H. Dewey,	do
“ Adam Eckhart,	do
“ Edwin Everett,	do
“ Francis E. Farley,	do
“ Henry J. Ferguson,	do
“ Jacob Fetter,	do
“ Thos. F. Green,	Bricklayer.
“ Wm. T. Gray,	Farmer.
“ Eli W. Hampton,	Steamboating.
“ Alam H. Hampton,	do
“ James Houghland,	Clerk.
“ Martin C. Hall,	Carpenter.
“ Caleb C. Haskins,	Farmer.
“ Wm. C. Johnston,	do
“ Wm. C. Kent,	do



NAME.	OCCUPATION.
Private Jesse B. Knight,	Farmer.
" Ebenezer Linn,	do
" Wm. Lyons,	do
" John McClannon,	do
" Thos. McOlgan,	Drayman.
" John H. Mallett,	Blacksmith.
" W. H. H. McCabe,	Farmer.
" John. J. Marsell,	do
" Abraham Morgan,	do
" James S. Murray,	do
" Thos. J. Matlock,	do
" George Martin,	do
" Gideon Miller,	do
" Edward Mooney,	Paper Maker.
" Samuel Munsey, jr.,	Carpenter.
" Edmund Mallett,	Farmer.
" Nelson Mallett,	do
" Jefferson R. McKaig,	do
" Chas. Nave,	Shoe Maker.
" Chas. C. Paulk,	Farmer.
" Mather Newly,	do
" Decatur Pitman,	do
" John A. Peasley,	do
" Mathew L. Robinson,	do
" Samuel H. Rogers,	do
" Frank Sherwood,	do
" Joseph A. Street,	do
" Wm. J. Smalley,	do
" Edwin Smith,	Tinner.
" Edward Sterne,	Brewer.
" Frank D. Snell,	Farmer.
" Abner S. Smalley,	do

1897-1898  
The following is a list of the  
names of the persons who  
were present at the  
meeting of the  
Board of Directors  
of the  
City of New York  
on the 1st day of  
January, 1898.



# NINETEENTH IOWA INFANTRY.

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NAME.	OCCUPATION.
Private Francis H. Semple,	Farmer.
" John Starkey,	do
" Chas. H. Smalley,	Miller.
" Henry Sarr,	Cooper.
" Wm. H. Semple,	Farmer.
" Wm. Thrush,	do
" Daniel L. Tracy,	do
" Fieldon Taylor,	do
" Albert Thompson,	Millwright.
" Geo. A. Vice,	Farmer.
" Charles Vass,	Carpenter.
" Wm. Wilkin,	Farmer.
" John Wallis,	do
" Lewis Walter,	do
" Mart Walworth,	do
" Wm. H. Walker,	do
" John Yeager,	Brewer.

## COMPANY "F."

Enrolled in Louisa County.

NAME.	OCCUPATION.
Captain, John Bird,	Lawyer.
1st Lieut., Levi Fisher,	Tinner.
2nd Lieut., L. M. Smith,	
1st Serg't, Wm. H. Friend,	Blacksmith.
Serg't, Thos. D. Chapman,	Farmer.
" Wm. A. Hall,	Teacher.
" Thos. Henry, jr.,	Farmer.
" Eugene Allison,	do
Corp. Wm. Chenowith,	do
" Alfred E. Baldridge,	Farmer
" Joseph Bryant,	do



NAME.	OCCUPATION.
Corp. Oscar Ross,	Farmer.
“ Milton Gamble,	do
“ Wm. Holland,	do
“ Chas. F. Morris,	Tailor.
Musician, Ed. H. Thomas,	Printer.
“ Elisha Dobbs,	Farmer.
Private, Robt. H. Brown,	do
“ G. N. Briggs,	do
“ John A. Brubaker,	do
“ Martin Blair,	do
“ Thos. K. Brown,	do
“ M. G. Chapman,	Carpenter.
“ Chas. E. Carpenter,	Farmer.
“ Chas. W. Chapman,	do
“ Geo. B. Dotson,	do
“ Samuel P. Dalzell,	do
“ Hiram B. Davidson,	Clerk.
“ Ezekiel D. Eversoll,	Farmer.
“ Wm. Ewing,	do
“ Henry S. Fowler,	do
“ Wm. Fowler, jr.,	do
“ Isaac C. Freeland,	do
“ Valentine L. Gibbs,	do
“ Henry F. Gibbs,	do
“ David Gable,	do
“ Henry E. Griswold,	do
“ John H. Hagger,	Tailor.
“ Joseph Higbee,	Farmer.
“ David P. Herron,	do
“ Wm. M. Herron,	do
“ John H. Hines,	do
“ John Hines.	do



NAME.	OCCUPATION.
Private Jacob Heindel,	Farmer.
" Wm. Helmick,	do
" Philip John,	Carpenter.
" Geo. H. Johnson,	Farmer.
" August Korn,	Stone Mason.
" Chas. E. Knight,	Farmer.
" John W. Littlejohn,	do
" Kendall Littlejohn,	do
" Noah Littleton,	do
" Martin Lesnet,	do
" Finley M. Linn,	Clerk.
" Francis Moxson,	Farmer.
" Daniel McKay,	do
" Alex. Miller,	do
" Nicholas Miller,	do
" A. J. Morris,	do
" John Mitchell,	do
" John P. McDaniel,	do
" Henry Murray, jr.,	do
" Wm. H. McDaniel,	do
" Chas. W. Patterson,	do
" Henry C. Pike,	do
" Chas. R. Potter.	Cabinet Maker.
" John Presbery,	Farmer.
" Isaac M. Raymond,	Blacksmith.
" Joseph Racer,	Farmer.
" Dennis Racer,	do
" Thos. K. Ross,	Blacksmith.
" Leonard Rathfon,	Farmer.
" Samuel Rathfon,	do
" John Ryan,	do
" J. C. Rosenberger,	do

1870  
The following is a list of the names of the persons who have been elected to the office of Justice of the Peace for the year 1870.

NAME.	OCCUPATION.
Private Wm. C. Stewart,	Farmer.
" D. R. Springsteen,	do
" John Strange,	do
" Ivory Siverly,	do
" Wesley C. Shipman,	do
" Daniel Sowash,	do
" Wm. B. Scull,	do
" John Smice,	do
" Joseph R. Shipman,	do
" Edwin Smith,	do
" Joseph Story,	do
" John E. Sprague,	do
" Cicero Thomas,	Printer.
" A. J. Tumley,	Farmer.
" Charles Van Loon,	do
" Joseph S. Wagner,	do
" Aurelius Wood,	do
" Cyprian L. Wright,	do
" August Wise,	do
" James Williams,	do
" John Wood,	do

## COMPANY "G."

Enrolled in Louisa County.

Captain, A. M. Taylor,	
1st Lieut., Chas. W. Huff,	
2nd Lieut., B. F. Wright,	Lawyer.
1st Serg't, B. W. Huff,	Miller.
Serg't. Vinton Massie,	Farmer.
" Wm. Gregory,	do
" James H. Hickline,	do
" Ellison Holland,	do

with the same result

the same result

the same result

the same result



# NINETEENTH IOWA INFANTRY.

29

NAME.	OCCUPATION.
Corp, Geo. W. Woolwine,	Farmer.
“ John T. Robinson,	do
“ Geo. S. Nellus,	Blacksmith.
“ Austin M. Williams,	Farmer.
“ Wm. Peyton,	do
“ Ogilvie Donaldson,	do
“ Thos. B. Hatton,	do
“ Richard Morgan,	Saddler.
Drummer, Wm. Cunningham,	
Private, Joseph Allen,	Farmer.
“ Joseph B. Allen,	do
“ Wm. Alley,	do
“ Simon Buster,	do
“ Wm. H. Burris,	do
“ Wm. Campbell,	do
“ Reuben T. Cocklin,	do
“ David Crane,	do
“ Wm. Chapman,	do
“ G. W. Cunningham,	do
“ Isaac J. Conway,	do
“ Joseph Clement,	do
“ Wm. R. Collip,	do
“ John W. Clark,	do
“ Wm. A. Dildine,	do
“ W. H. H. Dowell,	do
“ Chas. W. Dodds,	do
“ Geo. S. Erven,	do
“ Hugh Fulton,	do
“ Jacob Fath,	do
“ Edward Fryer,	do
“ Harmon Gast,	do
“ Geo. Gilmore,	do



NAME.	OCCUPATION.
Private Sam'l. J. Griffith,	Farmer.
" Henry Hurst,	do
" Jeremiah Helmick,	do
" John W. Hankins,	Preacher.
" Wm. Hinkle,	Farmer
" Wm. Hoffman,	do
" Jacob W. Hoffman,	Blacksmith.
" Alex. H. Haverhill,	Farmer.
" Jacob Hasher,	do
" Wm. D. Johnston,	do
" Wm. Johnson,	do
" Ed. J. Joy,	do
" Frederick Kircher,	do
" Thos. Knipes,	do
" Z. B. Kyl,	do
" G. Kern,	Saddler.
" Wm. R. Lerow,	Farmer.
" Chris Lester,	do
" Chas. H. Law,	do
" Asa Lewis,	do
" A. B. McWherter,	do
" Wm. H. Marshall,	do
" James H. McKee,	do
" Squire McGraw,	do
" Geo. H. McGraw,	do
" James Milton,	do
" John F. Mann,	Miller.
" S. W. Mallory,	Farmer.
" Peter Nelson,	Wheelwright.
" O. W. Newman,	Farmer.
" Alvin J. Nichols,	do
" Thos. A. Ogden,	do



NAME.	OCCUPATION.
Private Wm. Pugh,	Farmer.
" Sanford Pugh,	do
" E. Pennington,	do
" A. T. Pierpont,	Carpenter.
" J. N. Pierporn,	Farmer.
" Joe Ross,	do
" Jerry Ryan,	Blacksmith.
" Philip Richley,	Farmer.
" Albert G. Scott,	do
" Geo. M. Simpson,	do
" James Smith,	do
" James P. Stineman,	do
" Isham Thomas,	do
" Samuel Taylor,	do
" Julius Taylor,	Printer.
" Henry J. Teets,	Farmer.
" Minos Townsend,	do
" Samuel Turkington,	do
" G. W. Tucker,	do
" J. W. Wilson,	do
" James C. Wilson,	do
" Joel Wyman,	do
" Peter Wagoner,	do
" Fred Webber,	do
" Harry Wiggins,	
" James F. Watts,	

## COMPANY "H."

Enrolled in Van Buren County.

Capt. T. W. Richmond,	Saddler.
1st Lieut., Silas Kent,	
2d Lieut., W. C. Ferguson,	Farmer.

1870-1871

1871-1872

1872-1873

NAME.	OCCUPATION.
1st Serg't, Samuel Bonney,	Teacher.
Serg't Samuel Baker,	Tailor.
" Jas. A. Russell,	Farmer.
" G. W. Sommerville,	Saddler.
" Geo. A. Paxton,	Farmer.
Corp. Rob't A Alcorn,	Saddler.
" Wm. R. Lock,	Farmer.
" A. J. Smith,	do
" Owen B. Miller,	Jeweller.
" Wm. W. Phillips,	Farmer.
" Wm. W. Byers,	do
" John F. Dougherty,	do
" Wm. C. Anderson,	do
Musician, Wm. Kennion,	do
" Alfred Morris,	do
Wagoner, A. J. Buckles,	do
Private Jas. C. Akers,	do
" Marshall Byers,	do
" Jas. H. Bennett,	do
" Simon Botkin,	do
" George Boyd,	do
" Albert Cochrane,	do
" Lewis P. Cravens,	do
" Geo. P. Crail,	do
" Francis M. Cook,	do
" J. M. W. Cretcher,	do
" David J. Carter,	do
" Alfred Cochrane,	do
" W. H. H. Clayton,	do
" Wm. Clark,	do
" Zerah C. Dean,	do
" Wm. P. Drew,	do

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NAME.	OCCUPATION.
Private John A. Drummond,	Farmer.
" James Duley,	Laborer.
" Wm. S. Eaton,	Farmer.
" Isaac D. Evans,	do
" Chas. W. Fisher,	do
" Robt. D. Foster,	do
" Maser Groom,	do
" Thos. J. Groom,	do
" Thos. W. Godown,	do
" Alfred Green,	Potter.
" Henry Green,	Farmer.
" Notley Garrison,	do
" Theo. Gideon,	Miner.
" Jefferson Green,	Farmer
" Wm. M. Hartsen,	Cabinet Maker.
" Thos. E. Hearne,	Farmer.
" Hugh Hunter,	do
" Parley M. Hartsen,	Painter.
" Omar Hoskins,	Farmer.
" Wm. C. Holmes,	do
" Henry Jones,	do
" Andrew W. Jones,	do
" Ed. H. Jones,	do
" Jas. F. King,	do
" Silas Langford,	do
" Levi Keller,	do
" Tillman Langford,	do
" Thos. B. Liming,	do
" Jos. H. Lannam,	do
" Dan. Murphy,	Laborer.
" Wm. Morrison,	Farmer.
" Joseph Mort,	do



NAME.	OCCUPATION.
Private John G. McIntosh,	Farmer.
" Merritt E. Mooney,	do
" Sam. R. McCrary,	do
" Chris. Mort,	do
" Jonathan Nixon,	do
" Jacob Nagle,	do
" A. Ninschelser,	do
" J. T. Phillips,	Farmer.
" H. L. Prosser,	Mechanic,
" Robt. H. Parsons,	Farmer.
" Lambert Parsons,	do
" Jos. P. Paxton,	do
" A. S. Pumphrey,	do
" Robt. F. Robinson,	Wagonmaker.
" Frank W. Reed,	Farmer.
" W. H. H. Smith,	do
" John Strange, jr.,	do
" John H. Stone,	do
" John C. Steve,	do
" John M. Stewart,	Laborer.
" David Smith,	Farmer.
" Edward P. Taylor,	do
" Wm. Teter,	do
" John S. Tackaberry,	do
" Levi W. Taylor,	do
" Norvill J. Utt,	Blacksmith.
" Francis Villier,	Hack Driver.
" Eli E. Vail,	Farmer.
" Jos. Woods,	do
" Charlie P. Wilber,	do
" Amos Woods,	do
" Sam. Work,	do
" W. H. H. Williams.	do

1870

1871

## COMPANY "L."

Enrolled in Van Buren County.

NAME.	OCCUPATION.
Captain Sam. E. Paine,	Merchant.
1st Lieut. And. C. Payne,	Farmer.
2d Lieut., Thos. Johnson,	do
1st Serg't A. H. Parker,	Railroad Agent.
" Henry H. Martin,	Farmer.
" John S. Ragsdale,	do
" Jas. Lawrence,	do
" Thos. E. Doane,	Carpenter.
Corp. Wm. A. Strong,	Farmer.
" Datus D. Proper,	do
" Jacob Nixon,	do
" Stephen Whittlesey,	do
" G. P. Linaweaver,	do
" Geo. W. Meredith,	do
" Aug. C. Rehkoﬀ,	Saddler.
" Wm. P. Dunham,	Farmer.
Musician, Jas. M. Miller,	do
" James Payne,	do
" Mark Godown,	do
Wagoner, John Downard,	do
" Jesse Meredith,	do
Private Wm. I. Bragg,	Paper Maker.
" John P. Barker,	Farmer.
" David Barker,	do
" Geo. Batchelder,	do
" Luman A. Brooks,	Carpenter.
" Wm. R. Bowles,	Farmer.
" John C. Campbell,	do
" David K. Calhoun,	do

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NAME.	OCCUPATION.
Private Henry W. Crawley,	Farmer.
" Rufus E. Collins,	do
" Geo. D. Cupp,	do
" Elsa Chana,	do
" John Douglass,	do
" Henry Dean,	Carpenter.
" Mahlon Doane,	Laborer.
" Henry L. Easling,	Farmer.
" H. B. Edmondson,	do
" Alex. Fix,	do
" Robt. Forbes, jr.,	do
" James L. Fry,	do
" Henry V. Gaddis,	do
" Jackson Gillaspie,	do
" Isaac R. Gaddis,	Machinist.
" Harry Gilbert,	Cooper.
" John H. Homblin,	Farmer.
" Geo. W. Humbert,	Apothecary.
" Wm. M. Holliday,	Farmer.
" John W. Hughes,	do
" Wm. R. Houtz,	Carpenter.
" Martin Hornbaker,	Farmer.
" Robt. H. Johnson,	do
" Francis Johnson,	do
" Russell Johnson,	do
" Oliver Johnson,	do
" John Jameson,	Carpenter.
" Geo. Klisc,	Farmer.
" John Kelly,	Laborer.
" George Lonnon,	Farmer.
" Francis M. Lonnon,	do
" Jon. J. Lee,	do





NAME.	OCCUPATION.
Private Jerome Long,	Farmer.
" John Lorton,	do
" Wm. McKinney,	Laborer.
" Lawrence McGinnis,	do
" Joseph Martin,	Carpenter.
" Joseph Miller,	Farmer.
" Isaac Merritt,	do
" John Newlon,	Engineer.
" Wm. Orr,	Farmer.
" Harrison O'Hara,	do
" Stephen Price,	do
" Wm. J. Price,	do
" Jas. M. Peters,	do
" Thos. Pender,	do
" James Patterson,	do
" Henry Patterson,	do
" John Roth,	do
" James Robb,	do
" Israel Row,	do
" Robt. S. Robinson,	do
" Thos. J. Smith,	do
" Henry Stewart,	do
" Wm. Short,	do
" Geo. Spraker,	do
" Wm. T. Spraker,	do
" Amos Sherrod,	do
" John W. Swartz,	Farmer.
" Clark Stewart,	do
" Geo. P. Stevens,	do
" Ferguson Teal,	do
" John White,	do
" John H. Webber,	do
" Henry S. Ward,	do



Enrolled in Henry County.

NAME.	OCCUPATION.
Captain, S. F. Roderick,	Cooper.
1st Lieut., Richard Root,	
2d Lieut., J. W. Roberts,	Farmer.
1st Serg't, D. H. Roderick,	Clerk.
Serg't, Eleazer B. Doane,	Teamster
" Wm. Murphy,	Carpenter
" George Cramer,	Farmer.
" H. H. Way,	Carpenter.
Corp. D. H. Walker,	Teacher.
" Stokely D. Wright,	Farmer.
" Elliot H. Dickerson,	do
" Noble E. Dawson,	do
" Lorenzo P. Serviss,	do
" John D. Trobridge,	do
" James M. Cubbison,	do
" Benj. F. Harland,	do
Musician, Chas. Pensyl,	do
Wagoner, Jas. L. Serviss,	do
Private Francis H. Alter,	do
" Wm. G. Anderson,	do
" Robt. M. Bailey,	do
" James Baxter,	do
" John T. Burdett,	do
" Wm. T. Birge,	do
" Doctor F. Brown,	do
" Robt. S. Brown,	do
" Chas. Blowers,	do
" James C. Bailey,	do
" Charles Crocker,	do



NAME.	OCCUPATION.
Private Charles Cady,	Farmer.
" Eli A. Cook,	do
" Jefferson Creekbaum,	do
" David Davis,	do
" Wm. F. Daly,	Mason.
" Ithamar Doane,	Farmer.
" Wm. Erwin,	do
" John O. Eslinger,	do
" Samuel Evans,	do
" Charles Fox,	do
" Andrew G. Farley,	do
" John French,	do
" Henry M. Gabbert,	do
" Preston H. Grant,	do
" Jacob Grimes,	do
" Harvey B. Grant,	do
" Jacob George,	do
" Z. L. Hodson,	do
" Samuel H. Horsey,	do
" John S. Hamilton,	do
" Thos. Holcomb,	do
" S. H. Humphrey,	Carpenter.
" Wm. Huey,	Farmer.
" Harvey C. Horsey,	do
" Robt. C. Ives,	do
" Robt. Jennison,	do
" Wiley Jay,	do
" Robt. G. Johnson,	do
" James C. Jay,	do
" Wm. E. Kenyon,	Blacksmith.
" Reuben F. Kaster,	Farmer.
" Brant Loyd,	do



NAME.	OCCUPATION.
Private Orrel J. Langdon,	Farmer.
" Marion McCoy,	do
" Ed. H. Murray,	do
" Wm. R. Macy,	do
" Jonas B. Morris,	do
" Madison M. Moore,	Carpenter.
" Levi A. McBarnes,	Farmer.
" Jesse McDonald,	do
" Thos. M. Pritchard,	do
" Wm. H. Rosskelly,	do
" Thos. Savage,	do
" Orrel H. Straw,	do
" Samuel F. Stover,	do
" Davis Sharp,	do
" Eli Stewart,	do
" Alex. Simpson,	do
" Wm. J. Spring,	do
" Thos. Smith,	do.
" James M. Stewart,	do
" John Terrell,	do
" John Wood,	do
" Harrison Woods,	do
" Joseph Weeks,	do
" Wm. A. Williams,	do
" Chas. Woodcock,	Mason,
" Elsha Wright,	Farmer.
" Charles Wood,	do
" Solomon Luce,	do





## CHAPTER II.

From the formation of the Regiment to the 4th day of September, the time was occupied in drawing clothing, arms and equipments, camp and garrison equipage, and in receiving the farewell visits of our friends.

The 4th day of September, we marched down through the streets to the wharf where lay the steamer "Theodore L. M'Gill," on which we were placed. The levee was thronged by our friends come to bid us a last adieu and see us leave our State.

The boat moved slowly out from the crowded wharf, and with sad hearts and moist eyes we watched those faces fade in the dim distance, and knew that our beloved State would know very many of us "no more forever."

Our passage down the river was pleasant, although we were somewhat crowded owing to the size of the regiment.

We were nine hundred and eighty strong, and all aboard. The following day we landed at St. Louis, and with our "knapsacks strapped upon our backs," marched out to Benton Barracks, a distance of five miles, and being our first attempt at marching, many fell out as we passed through the streets, and showed a decided preference for riding in street cars, to walking under such a load.

Often from soldiers out before us, we had heard flattering accounts of Benton Barracks, and no word of praise too much had been said, for all that *should* be, *was*, and all *undesirable* things, were *not*, in that



memento of care to the soldier from John C. Fremont.

The time here was well spent in drilling, until Sept. 11th, when we marched through a driving rain to take the cars for Rolla, Mo.

The rain kept pace with our train, and when near midnight we climbed off our cattle cars in Rolla, we found that, however *uninteresting* a time we were having, we could not say it was *dry*.

We learned too that unpracticed hands, putting up wet tents on a muddy side hill in Egyptian darkness, was not *rapid* work.

On the 13th inst, moved out to Sigel Springs, where we took a *long breath* ere starting to Springfield—walking one hundred and twenty-five miles, seeming an herculean task to our uninitiated minds, or rather “*soles*.”

We were brigaded here with two other regiments, the brigade consisting of the 20th Wisconsin Infantry, Col. Pinckney; the 94th Ills., Col. W. W. Orme; and the 19th Iowa Infantry, Col. B. Crabb, Brig. Gen. Frank J. Herron, commanding.

On the morning of Sept. 16th, after having fallen in for the march, Col. Crabb told us in a few well-chosen remarks, that from some misunderstanding at the war department, he was not our Colonel. At once a committee of three—Captains Bruce, Paine and Roderick, drafted resolutions asking that Col. Crabb be our Colonel; signed by all the officers, and voted upon favorably by the men, after which we took up our line of march, going into camp at the end of ten miles.



At Waynesville we were joined by Capt. T. H. Stanton, of Co. "C," who had been detained by his duties as a member of the State Legislature. His presence was felt to be quite an acquisition by his company and the regiment.

The country was fine and peaches abundant, and well appreciated by the boys, for although strict orders were issued about jayhawing, yet peaches were held as contraband and *confiscated* accordingly.

The march on the 20th inst. was fatiguing, though we traveled but fifteen miles; the weather was so hot and the roads so dusty, that we stacked arms very willingly, not half the regiment coming in. No water but a stagnant pool in which the half decayed carcasses of many hogs and mules were but partly hidden by a thick green scum, and there was no remedy but to use it, which we did, boiling and straining it first. Some on first coming in flushed and exhausted, rushed to the water side, and heedless of the corruptions, pushed away the scum and drank, though each swallow of the rotten liquid seemed to choke them; others lying down by the pond washed their hands and face to satisfy their inward longing.

The succeeding day found us determined to go to better water before stopping, and at the end of twenty-two miles, Niagua Creek gave us the much wished for water.

At Mill Springs rations were scanty, and peaches formed the principal part of our subsistence for one day,—A fine place to camp, with the best of water. Here we were rejoined by Col. Crabb, who was hailed with joyful cheers as he rode into camp. He assumed command, and by two o'clock the next day we en-





tered Springfield, once a pleasant town in a fine tract of country, but showing the marks of war. Camping near town by Fort No. 1, we rested a few days, then were put at work on the fort.

Having drawn rations in the shape of flour, some of the boys took their rations out to a good lady to bake for them, and the following day on calling for the biscuits, found them in diminutive cakes; for the *baking* of which, was asked ten cents per dozen. After she had refused to take the whole batch as *part* pay for her work, they paid her, feeling devoutly thankful that pious Union ladies were scarce about there.

Rain for four or five days and nights prepare the roads for us, and when they are in a properly *soft* stage we have orders to leave, which we do on the 11th of October, camping after a tedious *wade* at Camp Curtis, *alias* Twin Springs, *alias* Camp McCulloch, *alias* Double Springs, rejoicing in more names than a Spaniard.

The name Twin Springs seems most apt, for two springs a few yards apart, sends forth water sufficient to supply the largest army.

The houses are many of them burned,—a high stone chimney marking many a spot where once stood *somebody's home*.

Near our camp was the old Wilson Creek battle ground, and on the spot where Nathaniel Lyon fell, is a heap of stones, to which each visitor adds one from the rocky hill-side.

The march to Cassville was hard, for the limestone hills covered with small rough stones were severe on the feet.





Here at Cassville, Lieut. Col. McFarland came to us. At sight he seemed to inspire the men with respect, and on further knowledge with love. The votes of the Regiment were taken in this camp. On the night of October 16th, the long roll was beat, and "*such* a getting," not "upstairs" but into line with a glare of fire in the town a half mile to the South, and all for *practice* too, just to get the boys used to alarms. Such things oft repeated makes the soldier cooler and more collected when the *wolf* does come. October 17th we left Cassville, only marching four miles, to an old orchard, which made a fine camp; but we enjoyed it only one night—leaving early in the morning—passing through Keitsville—a mournful looking village. About 3 P. M., we passed the State line, and found ourselves in Arkansas. The Missouri State Militia showing themselves a little fractious, were taught that often might and right, go hand in hand. While delayed here by the Missouri brethren, Gen. Herron received a dispatch that caused us to turn back for two miles, taking another road—as hilly and rough a one as we had ever yet seen traversed by wagons.

After a long and wearisome march of thirty-eight miles, over hills and vale, we camped at Sugar Creek; but could not rest well, as we had to lie on our arms all night, and in line. The following day the regiment fell in hastily, hearing sharp firing near by, but learned it was only a picket detail discharging their pieces on their return to camp.



## CHAPTER III.

Here a party of Indians passed us on their way to Gen. Blunt's Army. Some were on foot—some on horseback and others—wee ones—swinging in baskets from the saddle—both sexes, old and young, in no kind of order, enjoying life too, apparently,—on the principle, I suppose that “ignorance is *bliss*.”

On Monday, October 20th, we brought in sheep, apples, potatoes and many other *good* things from the country around, and were preparing a sumptuous feast when an order to move at once was received, and striking tents, throwing away our half cooked supper, we moved out.

That night we met the 11th Kansas Infantry with a large provision train, for the Western Army, (Blunt's). Marching along at night for most of the night, and all the next day, we stopped at 5 o'clock that evening, on the bank of White River to cook supper. Having no Hard Tack, we had to use *flour*, and very little of it at that. Perhaps some economical house-keeper may wish to know how cheap *bread* (?) can be made. A few spoonfull of flour, and cold water to mix, salted to the taste, then *kneading* it as much as is *needed*, make it into a long roll about the thickness of the forefinger (*ours* were *not* very long) roll it around a stick like the threads of a screw, then hold it in the blaze till you deem it a healthy black—to be served with *hunger*, and the least possible morsel of very fat and very old pork. At dark we were again in line, and on the move—the river had to be crossed the first



thing, and we stripped off our clothes, it being so deep, cold too, and in the bottom were many little sharp stones that make one think of walking on needles. After going a short distance on the road, we turned off into an old field, built fires of the rails and dried ourselves for in spite of all care and precaution, we had got wetted somewhat.

It was 10 o'clock before we thought worthwhile to lie down, not knowing whether we would go on or not. Then being told we would stay there a few hours, we wrapped our blankets around us, and for a short time, forgot that we were cold hungry soldiers; but before day we were reminded of the fact, and by daylight were again on our way.

Company "C," was dependent on charity for rations, as their wagon was not seen after the first night's march, till we got to Cross Hollows. When within ten miles of Bloomington, commonly known as Mudtown, we loaded our pieces, threw off our knapsacks and doublequickened into the town, where hastily the whole command was thrown in battle array, awaiting the arrival of an enemy; but none making their appearance, we marched five miles farther to Cross Hollows, and went into camp. We had marched from the evening of the 20th to the 23d, at noon, eighty-five miles with our knapsacks and forty rounds—the rations were not in the least burdensome, over a rough rocky road, macadamized by nature, and were but thirty miles from our camp, at Sugar Creek. The boys aptly termed it "the *Grand Rounds*." Company "C," had not yet heard of their wagon containing tents, rations and cooking utensils, so were paupers;



but at night, nature spread a *snow* white covering over them.

Remained in this camp till Nov. 4th, doing not much duty but picket, and unluckily for the inhabitants the boys here formed quite a *taste* for mutton. One night a few rapid shots were heard and the regiment was in line at once, the alarm was caused by Peasly, of Company "E," who hearing voices on the hill above camp, had taken his gun and slipped up easily till getting aim at a man, he fired; the intruders returned the fire, and this little passage at arms had no other effect than to make the regiment stand nodding in line a few hours.

Our next move was a backward one—to Pea Ridge, through choking dust that penetrated every pore. Camped on the field, and early on the morning of the 5th resumed our march, passing down a valley where the rebels had fallen timber to obstruct Curtis' march, and there were obliged to cut *themselves* out as they skedaddled southward. The dust was three or four inches deep and the wind blew almost a *gale*, raising choking clouds. The men suffered severely from heat and dust. Reached an old camp in the orchard near Cassville and staid over night, but being very short of rations struck tents quite early in the morning, and moved on rapidly.

I quote from a letter in the Wapello Republican: "Men gave out by dozens, dropping by the roadside, —horses and mules dropped dead. We reached our camp on Crane Creek about 9 o'clock at night, after a march of *thirty five* miles. Here we found our provision train awaiting us, and you may rest assured there were many thankful hearts in the division. Those







who had fallen out came in the next day—the 7th—during which we rested and refreshed ourselves after our fatiguing march, as we did also on sabbath.

“On Sunday the 9th, we buried two men from our regiment, *the first that have died* under the *treatment of our own surgeons*, and only *seven* out of the entire regiment since its organization. The two that died here were Samuel P. Dalzell of Capt. Bird’s Company, (F,) and Thomas Ogden of Capt. Taylor’s Company, (G). They received every attention that kind friends and willing hands could give, but they died, and now repose on the verge of a hill on the west bank of Crane Creek. They were dressed in uniform and placed in nicely made coffins, a flag was placed on each, and the members of their messes with reversed arms marched beside them, followed by their respective companions and the regiment, to their graves—the drums muffled and plaining a dead march. They were buried—a prayer said—a salvo fired, and the men returned with sad and thoughtful faces to their quarters.

“They will rest calm and peacefully there as in their own loved Iowa. So mote it be.”

Here Capt. T. H. Stanton of Company “C,” left us to assume the duties of a higher rank. We parted from him sorrowfully, feeling that in him we had lost a good officer and a noble man.



## CHAPTER IV.

On Monday the 10th, we struck tents and started in a north-east course, and after a march of about twenty miles camped on James River. At this camp occurred the original of a much told anecdote. Among the many things brought into camp by stragglers, were chairs, feather-beds, a *clock* and a *spinning-wheel*. Men who had taken articles useless to them were "*sent for*" and reported at the Colonel's headquarters, where among other things, the following is said to have transpired :

*Col.* "Why did you take that spinning-wheel?"

*Man.* "Got it to *wind* the *war up*, Colonel."

The Colonel not feeling as if *that* was a success, tried another.

*Col.* "What did you steal a *clock* for?"

*Man.* "To see *how long* that fellow will be in *winding up* the *war*."

It has also been told that he asked why a *grindstone* was taken, and was told "it was thought there were men in camp who needed their *wits sharpened*," but I don't believe *that* of course.

The succeeding day moved on to Ozark, on the Findley river, where we found Totten's division. A heavy rain fell, and at night we had a heavy frost. Here in the valley of the Findley lay the two divisions, and from a neighboring hill the city of tents miles long, with hum and bustle peculiar to camp, presented an enlivening panorama.

On the 14th, moving on we camped at White Oak Springs, where we lay till the 18th, when we struck



tents, and the heavens opened at the same time, and both the *rain* and ourselves kept going—the rain much the *fastest*, till we camped again, which was three or four days. That march through darkness and mud and falling torrents of chill November rain will be remembered often as we sit in warmth and comfort listening to the storm without. On this trip some forty or fifty sick men were sent back in charge of Ass't Surgeon L. M. Sloanaker, and doubtless many think of that as one of the most disagreeable experiences of their soldier life, as sick and weak they wended their feeble way back to Ozark,—one man perishing on the road.

Of the people of the country, we saw no men, and the sallow-dejected unintelligent females inspired no feelings of admiration.

Traveling for days over rocky ridges, you see nothing but stone cropping out of the hills from top to bottom. The fields have stone fences, and all over the fields are heaps of stone, in fact, "stone is the principal product of the *hardest* country I ever visited.

November 22nd, we moved six miles to camp Curtis or Twin Springs, and again enjoy all the luxuries a soldier may possess. Here we had battalion drill a few times. The time passed most pleasantly, until December 3d, when we received orders to move. At 3 o'clock, P. M. started—all our sick being left and afterward sent to Springfield.

Carrying our knapsacks and *forty* rounds, we marched fifteen miles to Crane Creek, and again moving on, the next day we traveled *thirty-five* miles to Cassville. The following day thirty miles, stopping at Sugar Creek, and early the morning of the 6th, we





were up and away, halting only long enough to cook supper in a cornfield, seven miles from Fayetteville.

Here, before starting on, Lieut. Col. McFarland commanding the regiment, (Col. Crabb had taken command of the Post of Springfield,) in a few impressive and fitly spoken words told the men they might prepare for a battle. It is greatly to be regretted that those few sentences were not preserved. The only record kept of them, was in the *hearts* that by them were nerved to stand in battle's front and die, rather than give an inch,—the last Godlike utterance of one of nature's *noblest men*. That night we lay in Fayetteville around fires in the streets, and tired as we were, we admired the pleasant little town that looked so still and quiet with an army slumbering in its streets.

At 5 o'clock, the morning of Sabbath, December 7th, the army was moving out in a Southward direction, and in about six miles we were met by parts of the 1st Arkansas Cavalry, riding back in hot haste, many of them without hats or coats, carbines had been thrown down, and everything that might impede their flight, altogether their *retreat* partook of the nature of a panic, *one* man had actually been wounded that I saw and a few others we heard of.

Our brigade was at once put in fighting trim, the men throwing off their knapsacks, overcoats, haversacks, and many thoughtlessly their canteens.

The rebels had taken the 1st Arkansas Cavalry by surprise, capturing a train and some prisoners. Where we were met by the flying cavalry men, a line was formed and the Batteries taking position, shelled the woods in advance, while listening for some *manifesta-*





tion of the presence of the opposing force, one of the 1st Missouri Light Artillery was taking cool and steady aim at a man he had discovered in a treetop *on a hill side*, near a mile away, and following the noise of the screaming shot, we beheld the tree *cut off below* the man, both limb and Reb. toppling over into the valley below. Moving on, the enemy were discovered, posted strongly beyond Illinois Creek on the brow of a long slope, running back from the Creek. A short distance from the point where the road, crosses the Creek was an old field in the *right* of the road and in the immediate *front* a prairie sloping back from this Creek, making quite an elevation in a thousand yards, which was about the width of the open ground. On the opposite side of the prairie from the Creek, was a heavily timbered hill, on which the enemy were well and strongly posted, estimated at twenty-five thousand men, under Gen. T. C. Hindman.

In the old field to the right of the road, the second brigade was formed, and Murphy's Battery, Company "F," 1st Missouri Light Artillery was moved across the Creek and, up the Creek through the woods to high ground to the right of the second brigade. The Rebel Batteries having such exact range of the ford, rendered it impossible to cross the infantry, until Col. Houston had cut a road through the woods, about a half a mile off, and the batteries of Captains Murphy and Backoff, and Lieutenants Faust and Borries had taken position, and opened so warm a fire, that under its cover the Infantry crossed and took position.

The fire of our batteries were so deadly and effective, that in two hours, nearly all the rebel batteries were silenced. The Infantry moved across the open



prairie, under a terrible fire of grape and canister. When within one hundred yards of the ridge, the 20th Wisconsin and our own Regiment were ordered to charge a battery stationed on the brow of the hill, in front of a farm house.

The charge was made in gallant style, the enemy driven back, the battery captured; but rallying, the rebels hurled regiment after regiment of infantry against those two and they fell back, leaving dead and wounded on the field around the battery, the 20th Wisconsin, two hundred and eight, our Regiment one hundred and ninety, among them was Col. McFarland, who fell at the head of the Regiment, as the brave man should fall, in his armor.

Following the two retreating regiments, the rebels made a charge *en masse* on our batteries, Faust's and Backoff's and Lieut. Borrie's. Gen. Herron, in his report, says: "Never was there more real courage and pluck displayed and more down-right hard fighting done than at this moment by the above named batteries; advancing to within one hundred yards of the guns, the rebels received a fire that could not be withstood, and retreated in disorder, receiving as they ran, a terrible fire, causing a great slaughter among them."

After this, the 19th rallied and supported the batteries. Companies "A," "B," and "C," were out as skirmishers, and were not in the charge, so the heavier loss was sustained by the remaining seven Companies. Capt. Bruce, of Company "A," commanded the skirmish line, Capt. Jordan commanding Company "B," and Sergeant Tom McGannon Company "C."

At about half-past three, as the cause seemed growing almost desperate, the vastly superior force of the



rebels pressing hard our little band of wearied heroes, an aid of Gen. Blunt's reported on the extreme right to Lieut. Col. J. B. Leake of the 20th, and soon the booming of cannon from a new part of the field announced the day was saved. Yelling—Blunt's Indians went into the fight, and the knowledge that we were reinforced, added strength to our own decimated command, the welcome words, "Blunt has come," flashing from lip to lip, had a magic influence, and hearts that before were half sick with dread now beat strong in hope. Darkness ended the conflict, and night with its chilling air hovered over the bloody scene.

Till far into the night with stretchers and ambulances we worked removing the wounded from the field. A full moon was in the zenith and in the cold light shed down upon them, the stark-wide open glassy eyes gazing up into the sky, looked horrible.

In the orchard where the 19th Iowa and 20th Wisconsin charged Blocker's Battery, the dead and wounded lay so thick we could with difficulty walk through with our bloody loads.

Readers, the "Star of Glory" pales and shines but dimly, when seen through the vistas of the hospital; it is almost extinguished by the sanguinary clouds and gloom of death suffering that gather there.

In this battle, as the march had been so long and rapid, were none but men of genuine nerve and pluck, as was proved by the desperate fighting done by them.

The loss of our forces was reported officially, nine hundred and fifty-three. The rebel loss they do not know themselves.





That night through the stillness could be heard, the sound of muffled wheels rolling over the rocky road toward Van Buren, and when morning came the field was found to be left to us.

The following is a list of the killed, wounded and missing of the 19th in this action:

Killed, Lieut. Col. Saml. McFarland, Serg't Major C. B. Buckingham.

Co. A—Wounded, Private Wm. B. Baltzell, in the head.

Co. B—Killed, Private Robt. B. Caulk, shot through head and breast. Private Joseph McCully, shot through the breast.

Wounded—Capt. Harry Jordan, left shoulder. Private J. F. Sandford, in left hip—severely.

Private Wm. McCormick, right leg severely.

“ Isaac Rumer, left arm—severely.

“ Lewis Heald, left arm—severely.

“ Joseph McMurray, left arm—mortally.

“ Manfred Hall, left leg—slightly.

“ Gilbert Locke, left shoulder and leg.

“ Wm. Taylor, left shoulder.

Co. C—Serg't Wm. R. Jeffrey, left leg—severely.

Corp. Thos. E. Johnson, Color Guard, left arm—severely.

Private W. A. Bailey, color guard, left leg—severely.

“ A. P. Randall, right foot.

“ Cyrus Condit, left and right side—severely.

Co. D—Killed, Private Marion Marlow.

Private John Crowner.

“ James Clelland.

“ Z. T. Sylvester.

“ Geo. W. Ream.





Private John W. Roberts.

" Wm. F. McReynolds.

" John F. Ball, mortally wounded—since died.

Wounded—Capt Joshua Wright, right arm.

1st Lieut. Harrison Smith, right hand.

2d Lieut. Wm. S. Brooks, left thigh—severely.

Serg't S. W. Gregg, right ankle—severely.

" W. M. Campbell, leg—severely.

Corp. George McCrary, right elbow—severely.

" Evin F. Cowger, foot.

Private John H. Webb, both thighs—severely.

" Henry D. Williams, right thigh—severely.

" John Huddleston, both thighs—severely.

" Willard Fleenor, back—slightly.

" Geo. E. Wilson, thigh—severely.

" Leander Powellson, left thigh broken.

" Stephen Burris, left hand—severely.

" A. Holmes, knee—slightly.

" L. A. McReynolds, thigh—severely.

" C. A. Campbell, left thigh—slightly.

Captured—Private J. C. Taylor.

Co. E—Killed, Private Albert Thompson.

Private Samuel H. Rogers.

" Edward Mooney.

Wounded—Serg't Chas. E. Gibbs, left knee—severely.

Corp. James M. Layton, both arms and leg—severely.

Corp. James E. Henderson, right arm—slightly.

Private Edwin Mallett, left hip—severely.

" Wm. E. Kent, left arm—severely.

" Edwin Smith, left side and head—severely.

" Samuel W. Campbell, left thigh—severely.



Private John H. Mallett, left knee—shattered.

“ Jefferson R. McKaig, left side—slightly.

“ Decatur Pittman, left hip—slightly.

“ Fieldon Taylor, left leg—slightly.

“ Wm. Wilkins, right shoulder—slightly.

“ Geo. H. Dewey, right hand—slightly.

“ Thos. J. Matlock, left leg—slightly.

Co. F—Killed, 2d Lieut. Loammie M. Smith.

Private Henry S. Fowler.

“ Wm. Fowler.

“ Robt. H. Brown.

“ Edwin Smith.

“ Kendall Littleton.

Wounded—Serg't Thos. D. Chapman, both legs—since died.

“ Wm. A. Hall, bowels and left leg—severely.

Corp. Charles F. Morris, Color Guard—thigh broken—since died.

Private John A. Brubaker, hip—severely.

“ Madison G. Chapman, arms.

“ G. B. Dotson, left hand.

“ Hiram B. Davidson, right leg.

“ Henry F. Gibbs, right leg.

“ Joseph Higbee, left shoulder—severely.

“ Chas. E. Knight, left thigh—amputated.

“ John W. Littleton, right thigh—severely.

“ Daniel McKay, both thighs.

“ Thos B. Morris, left hand.

“ Wm. H. McDaniel, right leg—severely.

“ Henry C. Pike, right leg.

“ Joseph Racer, left arm.

“ Joseph Shipman, right shoulder—severely.

“ Cicero Thomas, back and right arm.



Private Joseph Wagner, left hand.

" Aurelius Wood, left leg.

" Solomon P. Key, right thigh.

" Martin Blair, hip—severely.

Co. G—Killed, Serg't Wm. Gregory.

Corp. Richard Morgan.

Wounded—Serg't B. W. Huff, right arm amputated, left arm—slightly.

Serg't Ellison Holland, arm broken.

Corp. Wm. Peyton, hip, thigh and leg.

Private Wm. Chapman, hips and abdomen—severely.

Private W. H. Dowell, arm and breast.

" George Erwin, thigh.

" Samuel Griffith, hand.

" Jeremiah Helmick, left ankle and right leg.

" Wm. Hoffman, leg and neck.

" Fred. Kircher, foot shattered.

" Z. B. Kyle, shoulder and hips.

" Charles Law, right thigh—severely.

" Chris. Lyster, back and shoulder—severely.

" Wm. H. Marshall, right arm broken.

" Joe Ross, back—slightly.

" A. G. Scott, hips.

" George Simpson, leg.

" James Smith, left leg.

" Fred. Webber, hip—severely.

" Harmon Gast, hip, shoulder and thigh.

Co. H—Killed, Serg't Samuel Bonney.

Corp. Wm. H. Locke.

Private Chas. W. Fisher.

" Levi W. Taylor.

" Joshua F. Phillips.



Private Thos. B. Linning.

" Levi Keller.

" Marshall Byers.

" Wm. Kennion.

Wounded—Private Albert Cochrane, back and leg—severely.

Private Moses Groom, left breast—severely.

" Isaac D. Evans, left hip—severely.

" Henry Green, left hip—severely.

" Robt. F. Robinson, left leg—severely.

" Francis M. Cook, side of face and eye—severely.

Private J. M. W. Cretcher, left shoulder—severely.

Corp. O. B. Miller, head.

" A. J. Smith, left hip.

Private Silas Langford, head.

" Robt. H. Parsons, left foot.

" Robt. D. Foster, right leg.

" Joseph H. Lannam, neck.

" Tillman Langford, back and hips.

Captured—Capt. T. W. Richmond—released on parole.

Co. I—Killed, 2nd Lieut. Thos. Johnston.

Corp. John Douglass.

" Augustus B. Rehkoﬀ.

Private, Henry V. Gaddis.

" Wm. McKenny.

" Jonathan J. Lee.

" James Patterson.

Wounded—Capt. S. E. Paine, left hip—severely.

Serg't, Wm. A. Strong, head—severely.

" Jacob Nixon, face and head—severely.

Corp. Datus D. Proper, foot.







Corp. Alex. Fix, leg—severely.

Private James Robb, hip—severely.

“ Luman A. Brooks, side.

“ Wm. Short, arm—severely.

“ Martin Hornbaker, side and leg—severely.

“ James L. Fry, leg—severely.

“ John H. Webber, hip—severely.

“ Ferguson Teal, foot.

“ Russell Johnson, foot.

“ Harrison O'Hara, knee—severely.

Co. K—Killed, private Lorenzo P. Servass.

Private Ben. F. Harland.

“ Wm. E. Kenyon.

“ Robt. S. Brown.

“ Marion McCoy.

“ Madison Moore.

Wounded—Serg't Geo. Cramer, left shoulder—severely.

Corp. Stokely Wright, breast—severely.

“ Elias H. Dickerson, leg—amputated.

“ John D. Trobridge, face and head—severely.

Private Wm. F. Birge, both legs—severely.

“ Doctor F. Brown, shoulder—severely.

“ Wm. Erwin, right arm broken.

“ Robt. E. Jameson, ankle—severely.

“ James E. Jay, leg broken.

“ Robt. C. Ives, jaw broken.

“ Edwin H. Murray, head and face—severely.

“ Orrel H. Straw, right shoulder—left arm broken.

“ Thos. W. Savage, back—severely.

“ Wm. J. Spring, both legs broken.

“ Jefferson Creekbaum, right groin—severely.



Private Wiley Jay, arm broken.

Serg't, D. H. Roderick, leg.

Private Francis H. Alter, leg.

" Wm. G. Anderson, leg.

" S. H. Humphrey, ankle.

" Brant Lloyd, ankle.

" Wm. R. Macey, leg.

" Joseph Week, ankle.

" Ithamar Doane, shoulder.

" Robt N. Bailey, left side.

" Jacob Grimes, heel.

" Sol Luce, left hip.

" Samuel Evans, left shoulder.

This list does not include some whose wounds were so very slight, and unimportant, as not to unfit them for duty.



## CHAPTER V.

Several days after the battle were spent in burying the dead and recuperating our strength.

Some sad scenes, necessarily follow such a battle—Southern women hunting their husbands, sons and brothers, whose sorrow was very demonstrative, where they found some sacrifice to Moloch.

Our fallen heroes were buried in long trenches—each Company by itself, and marked by a stone or board. The rebels sent in details to bury their dead; but when they saw what an Herculean task was before them, they returned without doing anything, and four or five days some were lying exposed; but after all our own dead were interred, details buried the rebel dead.

For miles around, every house was used as a hospital; in as short a time as practicable, the wounded were removed to Fayetteville, a beautiful village, but bearing evidence of the ravages of war.

The following order was issued by General Herron to his army:

HEAD QUARTERS, ARMY OF THE FRONTIER,  
PRAIRIE GROVE, December 10th, 1862. }

*Fellow Soldiers*:—It is with pride and pleasure, that I am able to congratulate you on the victory so recently achieved over the enemy, meeting their combined forces, vastly superior to us in numbers, armed and equipped in the most efficient manner, contrary to what we had been led to believe, marshalled by their ablest generals, posted in a strong position of their own selection, prepared and ready to attack us, and entertaining toward us, feelings of hatred and fiendish passion, evoked by infamous lies, which rebel generals should have disdained to utter. You, fellow-soldiers, after a forced march of over one hun-



dred miles in less than three days, weary, exhausted and almost famishing, animated only by that feeling of patriotism that induced you to give up the pleasures and comforts of home, to undergo danger and hardship in the field; did most gallantly meet, fight and repulse the enemy.

Your fellow-soldiers elsewhere, your friends and relations at home, your fellow-citizens, and your country, as they learn of the splendid service of the artillery, and of the determined and brilliant daring of the infantry, will render you that praise and honor that is justly your due.

Soldiers of Iowa, Illinois, Indiana, Wisconsin and Missouri! Your native States are proud of her noble sons. I, who witnessed your gallant daring in every encounter, in behalf of your country and myself, tender you grateful thanks for the service you have rendered. While therefore, we drop a tear for those who have fallen and sympathize with those who are yet suffering, let us not forget to render thanks to the Beneficent Giver of all blessings, for the success that has thus far attested the *truth* of our glorious cause.

F. J. HERRON,

Brigadier General, Commanding.

December 13th, brought us an immense train with ammunition and provisions from Springfield; but no mail, and from the 4th day of December to the 21st, we waited, and watched for one, when at length, we heard from those homes where were now so many anxious hearts. Having given Gen. Herron's order to the forces under his command, I think it not out of place to insert an order of Gen. Hindman's, issued previous to the battle, several copies of which we found printed on poor paper:

HEAD QUARTERS 1ST CORPS, TRANS. MISSISSIPPI ARMY, )  
IN THE FIELD, Dec. 4th, 1862. }

*Soldiers*:—From the commencement to the end of battle, have constantly in mind what I now urge upon you.

First. Never fire because your comrades do, because the enemy does, because you *see* the enemy, nor for the sake of firing rapidly. Always wait until you are within the range of your guns, then single out your man, take deliberate aim as low down as the knee and fire.







Second. When occasion offers, be certain to pick off the enemies officers, especially the mounted, and kill his artillery horses.

Third. Never *shout* except you *charge* the enemy; as a general thing keep silent, that orders may be heard, but pay no attention to unauthorized persons or idle rumors.

Fourth. Do not stop with your wounded comrades; the surgeons and the infirmary corps will take care of them, but go forward and avenge them.

Fifth. Do not break ranks to plunder. If we whip the enemy, all he has will be ours; if not, the spoils will be of no benefit to us. Plunderers and stragglers will be put to death on the spot. Remember that the enemy has no feelings of mercy or kindness towards you; his ranks are made up of *Pin Indians*, *Free Negroes*, Southern Traitors, Kansas Jayhawkers, *Dutch cutthroats* and *bloody ruffians*, who have invaded your country, stolen and destroyed your property, murdered your neighbors, outraged your women, driven your children from their homes and defiled the graves of your kindred.

If each man will do what is here urged, you will utterly destroy them. We can do it,—we *must* do it,—our country will be ruined if we fail. A just God will strengthen our arms, and give us a glorious victory.

T. C. HINDMAN,

*Major Gen. Com.*

With such things as the foregoing, the rebel leaders constantly strove to stir up a feeling of bitter hate toward us, and yet, with such language always around them, many men were true to the old flag in the very rank and file of this army.

I have seen blank cartridges in dead mens' pockets, and their supply in the *box* untouched; they had never fired a bullet at a Union soldier.

At our camp on the battle-field of Prairie Grove, we lay till Dec. 27th, when leaving behind all who were unfit for a long and hard march, we started at 4 o'clock A. M., with six days rations, and one blanket apiece, for Van Buren, a distance of sixty miles. At daylight we halted and heard a complimentary order



read from Gen. Herron, informing us that the object of the present expedition was to chase the rebels out from Van Buren and destroy stores at that place. That day we marched over thirty miles, crossing one stream,—Cole Creek—over *twenty* times, and not stopping till 2 o'clock at night; many of the boys giving out, lay down many miles behind and slept till day, then hurried forward again.

The road crossed the Boston Mountains, ascending sometimes up great steps of rock that was extremely difficult to get the artillery over. At a distance of a few rods from camp flowed a broad clear shallow stream, called Lee's Creek, and the cavalry knowing a long and hard days march was before us, kindly carried us over dry shod.

One cavalry man would lead two or three horses, on *each* of which two or three of the infantry would scramble.

To-day's march was much the same, the monotony being varied by being fired on as we wound our weary way through a deep gorge, killing one horse, but no more. About 2 P. M., we passed Gen. Blunt's train. This force had left their camp near Cane Hill, nearly the same time we had left Prairie Grove.

Toward evening as we were passing over a ridge, on our right we saw a long low valley stretching far to the westward, with either side hemmed in by pine-clad hills, and far down as through an avenue of trees the last lingering sunbeam played a moment on the green valley then sunk in a bed of fire; ahead the booming of cannon announced that there was else to do than gaze at a beautiful sunset. Double-quick for an hour and we are one mile north of Van Buren,



where we hear the rebels have left the town to our cavalry, and we turn off the road, build fires, make our coffee and lay down to dream of *Iowa*, where is no more marching and short rations.

The following morning we marched down into town, and keeping step to our band, we were highly complimented by an elderly lady of color, who said: "La, don't dem Yanks step *high*!"

At the landing lay five steamboats laden with corn, commissary stores, and clothing. Going aboard these we removed all the mattresses there and loaded all the ambulances with them for our wounded boys at Fayetteville. The commissary stores in town were destroyed, the streets flowed with whisky and molasses,—a second promised land. The Fort, (Smith) was evacuated after a short but vigorous shelling.

After we marched out of town, the cavalry set fire to the steamboats "Frederic," "Key West," "Violet," "Erie No. 2," "Van Buren" and "Rose Douglass," and the glare of the burning boats lit up the sky for miles around. Several hundred head of cattle were brought in from the surrounding country by our cavalry, who deserved the honor of the whole expedition, which was a perfect success.

On the 30th, as we were returning, we were met by Gen. Schofield, who had ridden fast and far, attended by a small escort of the 1st Iowa Cavalry.

Gen. Curtis becoming alarmed, had sent General Schofield post haste to extricate the "Army of the Frontier" from the perilous position in which it had been placed by the brave, but short sighted Herron.

At that time Gen. Schofield was much disliked by the Army of the West; but none can deny but that





he deserved the sole credit of the campaign that drove the rebels out of Missouri. The jealousies between Generals Blunt, Herron, and Schofield materially delayed the execution of Schofield's well matured plans for the salvation of Missouri.

But the history of Gen. Schofield since that time renders all comment not only superfluous but ridiculous. The 31st we reached our old camp at Prairie Grove early in the day, having marched over one hundred miles, captured a city, destroyed a number of boats and stores, taken many cattle, and the roads too so bad we hauled the artillery up many a steep hill, and through many a mud hole, all this in four days, and in camp we found a hot supper awaiting us, prepared by the thoughtful boys who not being able to go with us had remained in camp.

New Years day in Dixie! brought thoughts of home. With cheery words we passed the day, wondering where would be the *end*. The first of a new year, it was a "time for memory and for tears."

\* \* \* \* \*

Early the morning of January 2nd the Division moved from the scene of its first battle, and retraced its steps to Fayetteville, the wounded heroes from sunny street corners and hospital windows greeted us warmly, and there were unbidden tears at a cheery salute from some comrade who stood before us on *one leg*. Not stopping any length of time in town, we passed on through, camping three miles southeast of Fayetteville, on White River, where on the 5th we had our first Grand Review, and on the succeeding day again took the road passing through a thrifty looking settlement, and bivouaced at the end of eleven





miles. Taking advantage of the country, our bill of fare was good, comprising, beef, pork and mutton, chickens, some kront and molasses; quite a variety that, for us. The succeeding day our stopping place was a mile north of the town of Huntsville, and a fine camp with good water and a *fence* very conveniently near.

Here Col. Kent, (promoted since the battle of Prairie Grove,) was taken sick and remained, leaving Senior Capt. John Bruce in command of the regiment. We rested here until January 10th, when we pursued our course toward the North, traveling till after dark over rough rocky hills.

Three miles from camp six "bushwhackers" were shot, having been tried and convicted by courtmartial. One of them was the man who fired the woods at Pea Ridge, burning many of our wounded on the field.

At our camp to-night we learn of Marmaduke's attack on Springfield, Missouri, and the gallant defense made by Col. Crabb and the convalescents from the different hospitals.

Capt. Bird, of Company "F" had command of one of the forts, and elicited the highest praise for his coolness and intrepidity. Lieut. Root, of Company "K," also participated, it is unnecessary to say that *he* did well, the battle field seemed his element. It is believed that the bravery and skill shown by Col. Crabb *saved* the place from capture; and the loss of Springfield, from the immense quantity of stores there would have been an irreparable loss to our army of the Frontier, and an incalculable gain to the enemy. Rumors are rife of the close proximity of the ubiquitous Marmaduke, and we lay in line of battle all night, ready for



any emergency and the pursuing day we took position to receive him; but all that was visible of the rebel force, was five prisoners taken in the bush and a Major, a recruiting officer.

Carrollton, Carroll County, Arkansas, was our next stopping place, and one that was anything but agreeable, for it rained and snowed and blew and froze, and rations grew scarce, our train being delayed by the high stage of water in the mountain streams. For a few days our diet was parched corn and coffee, our main dependence being *coffee*, but we shivered and starved successfully through the freezing days, and the evening of the fourth day the train made its appearance; but we enjoyed but one good meal till another move was made. Leaving Carrollton about the middle of the afternoon our Regiment, rear guards, trudged many miles through mud and slush, over roads cut up by a long heavily laden train, and all our Artillery which was ahead of us. After 11 o'clock at night we stopped in an old cornfield, and very sweetly did I sleep upon a pile of brush and old stalks, going supperless to bed so tired and sleepy were we. That night it froze quite hard, and we were more comfortable on the move than in camp.

The road led through a large pine forest, and was over rolling upland. In the afternoon some of those in front fired the pitch that had accumulated on the roots of the trees, and the smoke was so dense, it was next to impossible to pass through it; but it had to be done, and finally with red and watery eyes and oppressed lungs we emerged into fresh air. Water was so scarce that in camp the boys used melted snow.



During the night we had rain, then sleet, then snow, all freezing together, gave our blankets an additional weight and size, not at all convenient to carry. No tents were erected as the stay would be but for one night.

The following day, January 19th, brought us to White River, opposite Forsyth, Missouri, where we pitch our tents in a heavy fall of snow. White River was very high, and for several days no way of crossing could be made, but on the 21st a hawser was shot across, and after some hard and dangerous work the boat was ready to cross the troops.

The ferry-boat was one that had been built by Gen. Curtis, and is a very small affair to cross a train of near five hundred wagons and the troops there. Some of the 1st Iowa Cavalry attempting to swim across, one of their number—James Robertson—was drowned. The ferry ran night and day, and the night of the 25th our regiment made a successful landing in the mud at the Forsyth wharf. (?)

Our camp was on a hill about a mile from town down the river, where we lay till February 16th. In this time a heavy snow had fallen and many of the boys brought in, as results of the chase, both turkeys and deer.

In our Sibley tents, with a camp stove of sheet iron, we thought ourselves quite comfortable, but at an hour we least looked for such a catastrophe, the rain began to fall. It was ten o'clock at night, and we all slept, but the waters dashed against the canvass tent with such force that miniature showers fell over us, and all the immunity we received from our war-worn Sibley was a slight abatement in the force with which the





descending water pelted us, and perhaps the *larger* drops were parted, making three or more. The bottom of our tent was soon a muddy pool, while rivulets of trickling rain flowed from center-pole, rent and seam. Rolling our blankets up in Rubbers we sat dripping and sleepy till the floods had all been poured upon us, then crawled to damp repose. \* \* \*

February 17th we moved camp and took possession of the town itself, all the houses being deserted. Citizens are daily coming in and drawing rations from the Government, representing their families in a starving condition, which is true in a majority of cases.

Refugees from Arkansas pass through almost every day on their way north; they look pitiable indeed, with their skeleton teams, ragged clothes, and pallid, restless-looking children.

The scenery around Forsyth is wild and picturesque. Swan Creek empties into the river above town, and above the mouth of the creek rises a wall of dark gray stone near two hundred feet, from the side of which spring a few scrubby cedars, stunted and moss-wreathed.

Just under this lofty precipice, the building of two ferry boats were began, larger and better than the old one.

All the forces now at the post were the 19th Iowa and Companies "B" and "M" of the 1st Iowa Cavalry, forming a small brigade under Lieut. Col. Kent.

Our forage trains would cross the river and go from fifty to seventy-five miles down the country, attended by only a small escort, often not more than thirty men beside the teamsters. Once when returning from a point about sixty miles down the river, the train was





attacked but the escort, consisting of about thirty infantry and as many cavalry, kept them at bay till a courier rode into Forsyth desiring reinforcements.

At once more men volunteered than could go. All the teams were taken, and our sutler—Charlie Lewis—contrary to the usual spirit and custom of sutlers, hitched up his team and drove a load out to the scene of action, but when the reinforcements got there, no enemy was visible.

The 1st day of March a large forage train with about one hundred men, cavalry and infantry, returned from a trip down near Yellville, Lieut. E. A. Dunham of the 1st Iowa Cavalry, Co. "B," was in command, and upon their arrival on the opposite side of the river they found the new ferry-boat was in operation. Two heavily laden six mule teams were put aboard and crossed safely, and the next trip, beside the two teams, Dunham against the wishes of the men insisted on both cavalry and infantry going over at the same load.

The river was very high. White river has at all times the swiftest current I ever saw in a stream of that size, and the water was very cold. When the boat was near the middle of the stream the guy ropes became disordered in some manner, and one of them broke, letting the boat swing round and giving it such a jerk that it broke in the middle, the ends sinking several feet in the water. Men began jumping off, the teams struggled and got entangled in the harness, the force of the current sweeping over the partially submerged boat soon breaking the remaining rope, and they were at the mercy of the stream, with no boat or skiff to aid them. We, their friends, were forced to



stand upon the shore and see one after another in their death struggle throw up their arms and go down. Long will we hear the bubbling cry of some strong swimmer in his agony, and the swollen river covered with the forms of many brave soldiers. Their bodies were never recovered.

Life here was quiet and monotonous; mail coming in every week from Springfield, which was forty miles north. Deserters and refugees were coming in every day and taking the oath. A few—six or seven—joined our regiment.

About the 20th of March, quite an alarm was raised by reports by scouts that Marmaduke was coming with a strong force, and all our energies were bent to the task of fortifying. All the old log buildings were sacrificed to the forts, and in a few hours three forts of imposing *appearance* at least, were erected in the most commanding positions, and would really have proved effective against anything but artillery. But Marmaduke did not come, and our forts, breastworks and rifle pits remained as monuments of the activity of a single day and night.



## CHAPTER VI.

April 23d, we left Forsyth, some of Company "C," of "*cutting Narrative* powers" returning, fired the buildings, and we (were again on the move. Taking the road to Springfield, we traveled till noon of the next day, when we stopped to rest a few hours at Ozark, when many of our boys supposing our destination to be Springfield, walked on, and when a dispatch was received ordering us to diverge to the north-east, we found that quite a number were ahead on the wrong road. Sergeant Major Burch was sent on to notify them; but many continued to Springfield, not again coming to us for a month. That night we had a rain that raised the streams and softened our beds, we also had a mail, which is *the* event of the day always. Mail days make the *white days* for us. Till the 29th, we waded through mud and rain, *rain, rain*—Missouri skies wept "*barrels of tears over us.*" May the 2nd, found us at Salem, Dent County, Missouri, in a fine camp one half mile from town. No duty to perform, till a rigid camp guard is put on by way of variety.

Here we received pay, and drew better and more rations than ever before, and remained for a month. While here, our Major Surgeon, Dr. Philip Harvey, left us, being promoted, and Assistant Surgeon, L. M. Sloanaker was Surgeon.

The 3d of June, we started for Rolla with many speculations as to our probable destination. Reaching Rolla at an early hour the following morning, the





same cool reception awaited us there, we entered town with a chilling rain falling, and after some hours spent by our officers in turning over camp and garrison equipage, and by the men in sitting, standing and lying around in the rain, we embarked on some tumbledown old stock cars and made a safe journey to St. Louis, marching direct to the landing.

Here we found boats ready to take us to Vicksburg, and at a late hour in the day were placed on board the steamer "Chouteau" and started down the Great River.

At Cairo, while the boat was coaling, the mate abused a negro hand most shamefully; but speedily found that he was "reckoning without his host" and at once made it convenient to go ashore, where he remained.

The crowded condition of the men was the same, it always of necessity is on board transports, and without accident or incident, we passed Island 10 and other places of interest, reaching the mouth of the Yazoo river the 11th of June, and steaming up a few miles, saw a monstrous fleet of boats, some loaded with stores or ammunition, others carrying troops. Eight miles from the mouth of the river was Chickasaw landing, where we stopped a short time, then rounding out into the stream, came down the river and out into the Mississippi, landing at Young's Point, Louisiana, where were thousands of contrabands camped. The next day crossing the Point through a swamp of dense trees and undergrowth, through which no breath of air could find its way, we *sweat* and *fretted*, and fell out to "heave over some of our ballast" lining the causeway with coats, pants,





shirts and drawers, and finally emerging into open air, we took a cool breath with a better appreciation of it than we ever had before.

Here we went aboard boats for Warrenton, part of our Regiment on the "Silver Wave," and part on another boat. From Young's Point and Warrenton a splendid view of the city and our mortar boats could be had. The 14th moved three miles nearer the stronghold, and the 15th we took position on the extreme left of the investing forces, the 19th being on the right of Herron's Division, which extended to the river below the city. Our camp was in a deep hollow in which was growing cane so close that it was with great difficulty a path could be forced through, and in some places impossible. Our duty was doing picket in the rear, digging roads up to the front for siege guns, digging trenches, planting pieces and sharpshooting. This was continued day and night, the lines were advanced each night and strengthened, the Inquisitorial walls drew hourly nearer together, and fort after fort abandoned by the rebels. At night the videttes posted in the advance of both our own and the enemy's trenches refrained from firing, although each was visible to the other. Our loss during the siege amounted to but one man wounded, Thomas Pender, of Company "I," and that not dangerously, none killed.

On the morning of THE FOURTH of July, when the glad news came, "*Vicksburg has surrendered*" with prouder hearts than ever before beat in our bosoms we marched into the conquered city. No words of boasting, no insults were addressed to the vanquished; but all conducted themselves as became soldiers of so



glorious a Republic. And I have never heard a rebel speak in other than terms of praise of their treatment there.

After entering the city, and before rations could be issued to so large a number (thirty-two thousand) strolling past a camp, I saw a steak frying, and finding it was *mule* meat, tasted it and to do the *mules* justice, I must say I have tasted beef more unpalatable, the *name* of the thing however ruins the flavor.

Our division did guard duty around the city until the morning of the 11th, when at an early hour we were up, and went aboard the steamer "Tecumseh" leaving our sick and convalescents in camp.

Here we lay looking momentarily for orders to go down to Port Hudson but nothing came, if I may except a pleasant visit from Major Stanton, once of our regiment, till 4 o'clock in the afternoon when the steamer "Arizonia" arrived bringing news of the fall of Port Hudson. This we supposed would end our trip; but orders were received to remain aboard during the night

The morning of the 12th, we steamed up the Yazo river, a fleet of six or eight steamers and several gunboats. The river was so narrow in many places, that the guards of the larger boats touched either side, and seemed *deeper* than wide. The overhanging trees interlocked their smaller branches in places and most of the time, men standing on the opposite sides of the hurricane roof could catch the leaves as the boat glided past. The turbid bitter nauseous stream was well named *Yazoo*, or *poison water*. Along on either shore was an occasional plantation and scores of dusky faces were turned toward us, half fearfully as we passed.



We tied up for the night and at an early hour in the morning started on, the gunboats being in the advance. About 2 P. M., we heard cannonading ahead, and our fleet stopped, and after two hours tedious waiting, the troops received orders to take one day's rations and be ready to move.

Leaving our knapsacks on the boats, at 7 o'clock in the evening the 94th Illinois Infantry and our Regiment, under Col. McNulta, of the 94th, were started out through the plantations, coming to a bridge about two miles back that had been partly destroyed. Here Company "A," of the 19th was thrown out as skirmishers, and the rest of the regiment with the 94th, passed on into the city, hearing just as we entered the suburbs, an explosion that proved afterward to be the gunboat "De Kalb" blown up by a torpedo. Gen. Herron was on board at the time but was not injured, and no lives were lost.

In the morning we found ourselves in the streets of by far the most handsome city we had yet seen. The fine buildings both public and private, were elegantly fitted up inside, and outside were shaded by large trees; indeed so thick were the trees that but for the spires, the city might be thought at a distance, to be a grove.

The few hundred soldiers stationed there had left at the first indications of the approach of the Yankees, and the stores that fell into our hands were very considerable. Ammunition was abundant and good. The citizens learned at the hands of Gen. Herron a lesson that caused them on the approach of a Federal fleet some months afterwards, to give notice of torpedoes being set in the river.





Fruit of all kinds was ripe, and no army having passed through this immediate vicinity everything else was plenty, chickens, honey and other of the good things of *soldier's* life, and were indulged in freely. Our bill of fare embraced besides meats of half a dozen kinds and wheaten and corn bread, apples, peaches, pears, apricots, figs, melons, and plums; even the bottle of wine was forthcoming.

On Thursday the 16th, the whole division, except the 20th Wisconsin, were ordered to move; our course was a little south of east, and though as good a country as there is in the south. The succeeding day we reached Black River, about five miles from Canton, where Gen. Sherman's army or part of it, had engaged a force of rebels and drove it the day before.

From this point we returned to Yazoo City, taking back with us a long train of cotton and scores of jubilant contrabands, with which several boats were loaded upon our arrival in the city.

Part of this trip Gen. Vandever was in command, and won for himself the *merited hatred* of every man in the division. To speak of his driving thirsty men from wells, and other similar acts, would do no good, and nothing I could say would make him more disliked, therefore I say nothing.

On the 21st of July, going on board, we left Yazoo City, our fleet consisting of the Armenia, Tecumseh, Meteor, Dove, Desare, Prima Donna, St. Mary's Iatan, Arago, and Anglo Saxon.

The trip down the river was a very pleasant one, and was accomplished by 8 o'clock the evening of the 21st. The 24th saw us on board the Sunny South, and steaming down the Mississippi. A cooling breeze





be found. But three picket posts protected a large number of roads, and a spirit of carelessness prevailed.

An expedition was made out to the Atchafalaya River, where the enemy was found to be in force, with artillery planted on the west side of the river opposite the mouth of Flat Bayou, (V Map.)

This accomplished nothing but to learn the position of the enemy.

A few days after this Lieut. Col. J. B. Leake of the 20th Iowa, was sent out eight miles toward the Opelousas road with a small brigade of the 19th Iowa, under Major Bruce, and the 26th Indiana, under Lieut. Col. Rose, a section of the 1st Missouri Light Artillery, and a battallion of the 6th Missouri Cavalry, under Major Montgomery.

Col. Leake's orders were to stop at Norwood's plantation, making Norwood's house his headquarters, and attract the notice of Gen. Green, who was in command of the rebel force.

A company of mounted infantry, composed of details from every regiment in the division, was also with us; it was under Lieut. Walton of the 34th Iowa. The order was to remain at Norwood's so long as water could be had. The cavalry skirmished from the division pickets to the Norwood house, and a sufficient distance beyond to assure them that the force they were driving was only a scout.

Going into camp here our commander at once set himself to work to acquaint himself with the country, of which he was ignorant, and of which he had no map. Major Montgomery gave him the impression that the road turning to the left from the bridge led in



a south-west direction, and in placing the pickets, a post (cavalry) was posted beyond the bridge, and another also of cavalry was placed on the left hand road a short distance from the bridge. From camp an infantry picket was sent south to a house on the same road the cavalry pickets were on, (this was not known then,) and which was connected to Norwood's by an old road.

The following day Col. Leake with Major Montgomery, rode to see where that road led, and they found that by this road the rebels could reach our camp easier than we could reach the river; in fact they could connect with the road in our rear by ways against which it was impossible to guard.

Running in a south-east course was the grade of a railroad; (marked railroad bed,) on which no ties had ever been placed, and which made an excellent road for either infantry or cavalry. From this railroad was a trail across to that point of the bend nearest camp and troops could travel through any part of the woods easily, the timber was so open.

Finding the advantageous position the rebels held as regarded roads, Col. Leake at once requested permission to remove within that point of the main road intersected by the by-roads, which was refused, the order being imperatively given to remain there, Gen. Vandever, however, being sent out to examine the state of things. He returned to Morganzia from his visit to our camp, deeply impressed with the insecurity of our situation, and had an interview at once with Gen. Herron, in which he showed him on the map in what manner the roads and open timbered country, combined to render our position an easily assailable



one, but failed to elicit a favorable reply, so, as Gen. Herron deemed our position *secure*, we were again ordered to hold that place. In spite of these reiterated commands, Col. Leake having a note from a citizen outside the pickets, that told of movements indicative of an attack, moved in at night from Norwood's house to Sterling Farm, where that night our little force lay on our arms, and the next day were distributed in the negro quarters and other outbuildings, in such a way as to insure our speedy formation in case of attack.

The position at Sterling farm, though much better than the former, was still easily assailed for the road to Morganzia was intersected at the point where the abrupt bend is from the North to the East by a path or a cattle trail from the road above, known as Atchafalaya and New Texas road.

On our arrival at Sterling farm, Col. Leake learning from the negroes on the place, of a cattle driver, belonging to the farm, sent for him, and of him learned the number, course and termination, of these old unused roads, not sleeping till pickets were posted as advantageously as our limited force would permit.

Daily some of our men, cavalry or infantry, sometimes both, would skirmish with the enemy, always driving them and never being able to go farther than the mouth of Flat Bayou, by reason of their artillery, which was on the opposite side of the Atchafalaya.

Every night the pickets were visited, each post, by Col. Leake, and we all thought him much too strict, one cavalryman actually being *arrested* for *sleeping* on *advance* picket. An air of vigilance prevailed and there never was a camp in which *each* man more felt





the importance of care and watchfulness, such was the force of our commander's example.

The Nineteenth never before had kept in camp so closely as here, and not an *hour* passed but the *whole* command could have been in fighting trim, in line, in less than two minutes. Every day a squad of our mounted infantry went to the river and returned, never failing to see stragglers of the rebels, sometimes in considerable numbers; but they never exchanged shots, the rebels fired once at Adjutant Wood, who escaped unhurt.

At length this became so threatening that General Herron was addressed in a note, asking if he was aware of the daily presence of large numbers of rebels in our rear, and between us and his division.

He replied that he did know of it, in fact had taken a prisoner from some Texas regiment, and yet with his three thousand men and several Batteries strongly entrenched, he lay, never making an effort to prevent the enemy from swarming around our rear. He not having out at *any* time one *half* the number of pickets we had out *all* the time with our scanty six hundred.

Learning of the old road entering the main road in our rear from the Texas landing road, and apprehending an attack from that side, Col. Leake had a gap cut in a levee that was built along the road, so that the artillery might pass through at a point a few yards from the house and sweep the canefield.

The Lieutenant in command of the Section was taken to that gap, and instructed that in case of attack he was not to await orders but place his pieces inside





Gen. Green himself, riding up to Leake asked "Why don't you stop this firing?"—the men, many of them from fence corners and odd places of concealment, continuing to fire till their guns were wrenched from their hands.

It seems to be the impression that we were *surprised*! far from it; for to be surprised is to be taken off your guard, when unprepared and unexpected. It means a want of vigilance and fore-sight; it means that duty has been neglected in some particular, and in none of these things were we surprised.

Our pickets *first* saw the advancing skirmish line of the enemy; our pickets fired the *first* shots, and the rebels had only replied by a few shots, when the 19th was in line; and our regiment delivered the *first* volley of the fight.

Then we were *not* surprised in the attack, but there was that to surprise in the defense, that four hundred and fifty men should hold at bay over *five* thousand for *two* hours and ten minutes by the watch, was surprising. To learn afterward that the killed and wounded of the rebels were equal to our *whole number engaged*, was surprising, and one thing I cannot forbear mentioning, is, that Col. Leake being shot from his horse when as near the rebel line as his own, although he had seen the overwhelmingly superior force of the enemy, yet retained his command, his wound bleeding profusely, his Adjutant General inefficient, and his positive orders disobeyed by the artillery.

Our officers have all that were engaged, declared repeatedly, that the more they thought of it the more they were satisfied that everything was done that



could have been done with our force and position, and nothing done that should not have been done.

Major Bruce had been ordered to New Orleans, and Capt. Wm. Adams of Co. "E" was in command of our regiment.

The night previous to the engagement, Gen. Herron had left for the north, having turned over the command to Major Gen. Dana.

Gen. Vandever had gone to New Orleans.

Gen. Herron, in giving over his command to Gen. Dana, said of us, that we were "strongly and securely posted," and Gen. Dana therefore should not bear the blame of our capture, if any blame attaches to it. The rebels knew our exact force, and would they have crossed the Atchafalaya with eight thousand men, cavalry and batteries, on a small steam ferry, only to capture five hundred infantry. If there was no positive knowledge on the subject we would yet infer that they had some other object, and it was to attack the division, but our stubborn resistance delayed them till they knew the division was prepared for them, and Gen. Green was heard to order his Adjutant General to order the troops back at once, for they must recross the Atchafalaya that night, for it was too late to go further.

Our cavalry had escaped, and rode down the rear of the rebel lines, in plain view of the enemy, who supposed them a part of their own cavalry. By a charge no more daring than that of Major Boone, the rebel line would have been broken and our rescue effected.

Col. Harrison of the rebels, said he had directed the attention of five sharpshooters successively to Col.



Leake, and after seeing their fire ineffectual, had himself drawn his never failing weapon, but at the last moment refrained from firing, he knew not why.

The universal feeling of the rebs was that of chagrin at so hard a fight and so few prisoners.

I append the following, copied from the "Galveston News," Oct. 29th, 1863, which of course gives the advantage of position to us.

"BATTLE OF FORDOCHE."—"We have been furnished, through a private letter with the following account of the battle on the Fordoche: According to the plans, Lieut. Col. Jas. E. Harrison, commanding Speight's Brigade, was to bring on the engagement with the enemy's main position, four miles in the rear of their cavalry. Col. Grey was to hold Col. Monton's Brigade two miles above in the direction of Morganzia to meet any reinforcement sent to the enemy from that direction. While one battalion was to follow Harrison, in supporting distance. Harrison was conducted by a guide who gave but little idea of the country.

"He attacked their rear about half past 11 o'clock, on the 29th of September. His position was almost as strong as though it had been made for the purpose. He was covered on every side by ditches, embankments, fences and levees with a large sugar mill on his rear, in addition to a large ditch and fence, inside of all this there was large negro quarters in regular streets. His force consisted of two regiments and a battalion, in force much stronger than Speight's Brigade, the latter in advancing on him had to pass through a canefield covered with vines, which while it afforded no shelter, embarrassed our troops very much. This advance was made under a galling fire





from his entire force covered. He was driven from the sugar mill and first ditches to the first row of negro houses where he contested every inch of ground. Harrison made him change front by flanking him, forcing him from street to street till he was forced over the levee when he had to change his front, face by the rear; here he fought desperately using two pieces of artillery with great effect.

"Harrison ordered one of the pieces to be taken, which was captured and retained during the action. The enemy now attempted to flank him by a movement on his left by marching rapidly behind a high levee. This attempt was discovered through a gap or break in the levee. Our men were now inside, the enemy outside behind the levee which was his former front. While he was attempting to accomplish this, Harrison flanked him with his right, and with a division held his flanking column back where his left gave way, retreating across an old field covered with high weeds. At this moment, Major Boone commanding Waller's Battalion cavalry came up with a gallant charge on his right flank, and completed the route. The supporting force never reached Harrison, and the officers and men fought gallantly, men could not have done better. Adjutant Jones and John Harrison, (a son of the Col.) distinguished themselves.

"Major Daniels was wounded, and acted in the most gallant manner. Colonel had two horses shot from under him, and his sword and blanket round his shoulder cut. We lost twenty-seven killed and eighty wounded; and captured of the enemy four hundred and thirty-two privates and non-commissioned officers, and twenty-nine commissioned officers. The forego-





ing is an accurate but short account of the engagement which lasted about one hour. General Green in the general plan took the road direct in order to attack the cavalry and any force at the bridge, four miles below the battlefield. There were only two hundred men there, and he soon drove them off, and hearing the fight above, ordered Major Boone to rush to the assistance of the troops engaged, and "charge the enemy if ten thousand strong."

"Boone did it nobly, only a few shots were fired by the enemy, two of which took effect on him, shattering his shoulder and arm, the latter has been taken off at the joint in the shoulder, the other hand has only two fingers on it. He is still alive, and it is sincerely hoped that he may recover. Col. Harrison and Major Boone are especially noticed by Gen. Taylor for their conduct in his report to Headquarters, I have been informed."

A detail, under Capt. Jordan, buried the rebel dead, over fifty, and a paper in Alexandria gave the wounded over two hundred.

To speak of deeds of individual bravery, is impossible where all did so nobly.

The following is a list of our killed and wounded, many of the latter have since died. Also a list of those captured :

KILLED.

Co. B—Serg't Henry E. Frisbee.

Co. H—1st Lieut. Silas Kent.

Co. K—2nd Lieut. John M. Roberts.

Co. C—Serg't John C. Ritchie.

" Private Samuel P. Beard.

" Corp. George Temple.



Co. K—Private Thos. J. Smith.

Co. H—Corp. Wm. C. Anderson.

Co. D— “ Brooks.

Co. C— “ Mark Walworth.

#### WOUNDED.

Co. C—Corp. Robt. McGlasgow, right thigh—severely.

Co. K—Private Joel Starkey, right thigh—since died.

Co. A—Private James Coleman, right thigh—since died.

Co. D—Private Daniel Walkup, left ankle.

“ “ Jonathan Carson, left thigh.

Co. E— “ Thos. C. Chambers, left arm and breast.

Co. G— “ James Allen, right thigh.

“ “ Wm. Hinkle, left shoulder.

Co. E— “ Wm. Lyons, left thigh.

Co. B—Corp'l. Isaac Rumor, left hand.

Co. K—Private E. Stewart, left foot—since died.

Co. G—Captain Andrew Taylor, left hip—since died.

Co. G—Private John F. Mann, arm and head.

“ Serg't. J. F. Robinson, mouth.

Co. C—Private Wm. W. Kendall, neck.

Co. F—Corp'l. C. E. Carpenter, scalp.

Co. H—Private A. Ninselher, hand.

Co. B—1st Lieut. John M. Woods, head.

Co. D—2nd Lieut. Thos. A. Robb, left leg.

Co. G—Serg't Geo. Hardwick, right shoulder.

Co. A—Serg't J. Henry Schroeder, hip.

Co. C—Private Wilber D. Sherman, left arm.

“ “ John M. Lytle, arm.



## CAPTURED.

Co. A—Capt. Thos. L. Sprott.

“ Lieut. Norvill Powell.

Co. B— “ John M. Woods.

Co. C— “ Geo. Johnson.

“ “ James Bennett, Q. R. M.

Co. D— “ Thos. A. Robb.

Co. E—Capt. Wm. Adams.

Co. F—Capt. Levi Fisher.

“ Lieut. Solomon P. Key.

Co. G—Lieut. B. F. Wright.

Co. K—Capt. S. F. Roderick.

“ Serg't Major Oscar G. Burch.

“ Com. Serg't Danl. H. Roderick, Escaped

March, 1864

Fife Major, James Payne.

Co. A—Serg't J. Henry Schroeder.

“ Corp. David G. Anderson.

“ “ Isaac N. Clark.

“ “ Jasper K. Mason.

“ Priv. Howell G. Adell.

“ “ Barney Amoss.

“ “ Joseph Cooper.

“ “ John M. Games.

“ “ Benj. F. Goodwin, escaped.

Co. A—Priv. Geo. Hoffman.

“ “ John Howard.

“ “ Dan. C. Leming.

“ “ Geo. A. Marks.

“ “ Fred. A. N. Pearce, left sick at Alex-

andria and exchanged.

Co. A—Priv. Alex. Quarry.

“ “ David A. Robertson.



- Co. A—Priv. William Stewart.  
 " " Benedict Rumer, escaped.  
 " " Chris. Schmidt.  
 " " Eli Sheets, escaped.  
 " " Charles W. Towner.  
 " " Jasper Trimble.  
 " " Joseph White.
- Co. B—Serg't John E. Roth.  
 " " T. A. Stolaberger.  
 " } Corp. Enos Rushton, escaped.  
 " " D. R. Comagys.  
 " " John A. Montgomery.  
 " Priv. Albert J. Allen.  
 " " Ed. Darling.  
 " " John Driskill.  
 " " Manfred Hall.  
 " " Wm. R. Hendricks.  
 " " Joseph Hudgell.  
 " " J. N. Skinner.  
 " " John M. Towne, escaped.
- Co. C—Serg't Thos. E. Johnston.  
 " Corp. L. Stone Hall, escaped.  
 " " Geo. W. Cosner.  
 " " Wm. McDowell.  
 " " Levi B. Cocklin, escaped.  
 " Priv. J. Irvine Dungan.  
 " " Luke W. Osborn.  
 " " Jas. Sturges Anderson.  
 " " H. Willetts Anderson, escaped.  
 " " S. T. Easter.  
 " " E. B. Helwick.  
 " " Wm. Lytle.  
 " " John M. Lytle.





Co. C—Priv. Charles McDonald.

“ “ A. McCampbell.  
 “ “ Wm. McGreger.  
 “ “ John M. Porter.  
 “ “ Robt. J. Moore.  
 “ “ Wm. J. Lewis.  
 “ “ Addison P. Randall.  
 “ “ W. D. Sherman.  
 “ “ Abraham Snyder.  
 “ “ Israel Trostle.  
 “ “ James Van Winkle.  
 “ “ John N. Young.  
 “ “ Abner B. Power.  
 “ “ Chas. H. Nichols.

Co D—Serg't Danl. Buckingham.

“ “ James Barnes.  
 “ Corp. John H. Lagle.  
 “ “ Perry Harrison.  
 “ Priv. Miles Burris.  
 “ “ C. B. Campbell.  
 “ “ Jonathan Elder.  
 “ “ Willard Flenor.  
 “ “ Flavius Remine.  
 “ “ John Locke.  
 “ “ McKinney Robinson.  
 “ “ Nelson E. Hall.  
 “ “ John Huddlestone.  
 “ “ Adam Stump.

Co. E—Serg't Geo. W. Hardwick, wounded and left  
 at Alexandria for exchange.

Co. E—Corp. J. B. Knight.

“ Priv. Sylvester Dye.  
 “ “ James Deighton.



Co. E—Priv. Wm. T. Gray.

“ “ Eli Hampton, left sick at Alexandria, and exchanged.

Co E—Priv. Alam Hampton.

“ “ James Houghland.

“ “ J. J. Marsell, died at Shreveport, La.,  
Dec. 24th, 1863.

Co. E—Priv. Abraham Morgan.

“ “ Gideon Miller.

“ “ Fieldon Taylor.

“ Corp. Geo. A. Vise.

“ “ Lewis Walters.

“ Priv. John Wallis.

“ “ John Yager.

“ “ Nelson Mallett.

“ “ Abner S. Smalley.

“ “ Ross Crossley.

Co. F—Serg't Wm. H. Friend.

“ “ J. P. McDaniels.

“ Corp. Edward H. Thomas.

“ “ H. B. Davidson.

“ “ David Gable.

“ “ Wm. Herron.

“ Priv. Milton Gamble.

“ “ Geo. B. Dotson.

“ “ John H. Hager, died at Shreveport,  
La. Jan. 29th, 1864.

Co. F—Priv. David P. Herron.

“ “ Jacob Heindel.

“ “ Danl. McKay.

“ “ A. Morris.

“ “ Leonard Rathfon.

“ “ Joseph Racer.



Co. F—Priv. I. S. Siverly.

“ “ J. R. Shipman.

“ “ Danl. Sowash.

Co. G—Serg't Geo. W. Woolwine.

“ “ Ogilvie Donaldson.

“ Corp. David Hasher.

“ Priv. Wm. Campbell.

“ “ Reuben Cocklin.

“ “ David Crane.

“ “ Geo. W. Cunningham.

“ “ J. W. Clermont.

“ “ W. H. Dowell.

“ “ G. S. Ervin,

“ “ John J. Fryer.

“ “ Wm. Hoffman.

“ “ Joe Ross.

“ “ Philip Richley.

“ “ Samuel Taylor.

“ “ Saml. Turkington.

“ “ J. C. Wilson.

“ “ James Milton.

“ “ Sanford Pugh.

“ “ Wm. Pugh.

“ “ Asa Lewis.

“ “ Geo. Tucker.

Co. H—Serg't Wm. Byers, escaped March 1864.

“ “ A. J. Smith.

“ “ Wm. H. Clayton.

“ Corp. J. T. Dougherty, escaped March 1864

“ “ J. F. King.

“ “ Wm. H. Smith.

“ “ Chris. Mort.

“ Priv. James C. Akers.





Co. H—Priv. S. Botkin, escaped March, 1864.

“ “ Z. C. Dean.

“ “ Isaac D. Evans,

“ “ Omar Hoskins, escaped Dec., '63.

“ “ Wm. C. Holmes.

“ “ Henry Jones.

“ “ Andrew Jones.

“ “ Silas Langford.

“ “ J. H. Lannam.

“ “ Joseph Mort.

“ “ J. G. McIntosh.

“ “ J. Nixon, escaped March, 1864.

“ “ R. H. Parsons.

“ “ J. F. Paxton, escaped March, 1864.

“ “ David Smith.

“ “ Ed. P. Taylor, escaped March, 1864.

“ “ Thos. Umphrey.

Co. I—Serg't John S. Ragsdale, escaped M'ch, '64.

“ “ Datus D. Proper.

“ Corp. Wm. Orr.

“ “ Wm. Bragg.

“ “ Geo. W. Meredith.

“ Priv. John T. Barker.

“ “ David Barker.

“ “ David K. Calhoun.

“ “ Wm. N. Holiday.

“ “ Oliver Johnson.

“ “ George Klise.

“ “ Jas. M. Miller.

“ “ Jesse Meredith.

“ “ John Newlon.

“ “ John Roth.

“ “ Israel Row.



Co. I—Priv. Wm. Spraker.

“ “ George Stevens.

“ “ John H. Webber.

“ “ Rufus Collins.

Co. K—Serg't Noble E. Dawson, escaped M'ch, '64.

“ Corp. P. H. Grant, escaped March, 1864.

“ “ John Terril, escaped March, 1864.

“ “ Thos. N. Pritchard.

“ “ Reuben F. Kaster.

“ Priv. John L. Burditt.

“ “ David Davis.

“ “ Samuel Evans.

“ “ L. McBarnes.

“ “ John Wood.

“ “ Harrison Wood.

“ “ John W. French.

“ “ Jesse Starkey.



## CHAPTER VII.

After our capture, we marched back through the rain and mud to the ferry boat, and about dark crossed the river. On the bank we were huddled together, having had no dinner and no supper, and through the night sat or stood around little rail fires that struggled for existence in this drenching rain that never ceased falling for the next forty-eight hours.

Sullen over our recent defeat, we had none of the jokes and lightsome talk with which we usually beguiled the tediousness of sleepless hours. Morning broke upon as weary and dispirited a band as I ever saw, and noon brought us beef and raw meal with no vessels to cook in. From this place we were marched through the bottoms to Alexandria, passing on the way, parts of Walker's army. The troops used us well, giving us to eat of their own rations.

For day after day through hot dusty days we marched, having a ride of twenty-one miles that ended at Alexandria, where we were shut up in *one* room, the Court room. It was about twenty-four by thirty-six feet, and there was a few prisoners already there, so that in that room was fully five hundred men. But we had to stay in it but one night, luckily for us, for the next morning we were started on toward Shreveport, traveling over high rolling, heavily pine timbered country, which afforded views that would have been heartily enjoyed but for the bayonets on either side.

Corn meal and beef, then beef and corn meal till Natchitoches, where laying over one bright Sabbath



day, I eluded the guard, and took a stroll out into the country a few miles, where stopping at a large fine Southern mansion for a drink of water, and telling what I was, I found friends, was entertained by "Star Spangled Banner," and other pieces by a loyal daughter of Dixie, and had a lunch of most appetizing pie and cake washed down by generous wine of their own manufacture.

At Mansfield, a Union planter brought in and gave us sweet potatoes, for the whole command.

At Shreveport we were placed on a side of a hill, overlooking town and had nothing to eat for twenty hours after getting there, and we had made a day's march before reaching there.

Hucksters from the town swarmed around with baker's bread, cakes, pies and apples, and hungry men would strip themselves of every available article to get a few mouthfuls. Knives, combs, gold pens and greenbacks all were bartered for eatables.

Here we had hoped we would be paroled; but we were turned toward Texas, and the middle of October we were at Tyler, in a pen on the hill side with the great pine woods around us, and no shelter or means of making one over us.

Lying out long cold nights, thinking of home, rain falling upon us frequently, these things begat thoughts of escape and many let their thoughts mature into plans and executed their plans.

From Sterling farm on the long hot march, Colonel Leake had walked in front of our prisoner column with a severe wound too, and had the fare of the least of his brave band, nor was it from necessity either, for we were with but few officers of the guard who would





not have shown so much courtesy toward a disabled prisoner, especially a commanding officer. Many of the wounded men were favored by kind hearted guards; but he seemed to choose to suffer the privations, common to all.

Very many times on the march by his influence, we stopped to rest when the cavalry guards seemed oblivious of the difference between the endurance of a man and a horse. Not a man of us but remembers with gratitude the care he took of us, his watchfulness of our comfort, both on the march and in camp.

On the march, he, many times by a few words to the officer in charge gained for us a rest, or a stop at some spring long enough to slake our thirst, and even shortening the length of our day's journey sometimes by his earnest representations of the fatigue of his men.

At Tyler a spring of water, clear and good, supplied us abundantly. With difficulty, a few axes were obtained; but many burrowed in the earth with the tarantulas, centipedes, and scorpions. One of the 26th Indiana was bitten by a tarantula and died in a few hours. Here the regiment lay till winter winds blew chill, and cold frosty nights pinched and bit them when orders were received to go to Shreveport for exchange, only the enlisted men.

The men were in the lightest possible marching order, and were allowed to take with them *no kettles* or cooking vessels of any kind. The officer in charge of the guard was one Capt. Alford, a young man and cruel. The first day's march ended at Sabine river, and a little raw meal was doled out to them, no beef and nothing in which to cook.



Lucky was he who had, or could borrow a *tin cup* in which to mix his meal, the baking was simple, a ball of wetted meal was dropped into the coals and burnt into bread.

After supper and breakfast such as this and a nights rest on the wet ground, morning broke on shivering ragged wretches disclosing the cause of shrinking flesh and chattering teeth, during the night it had frozen hard, and the wet earth was encrusted with a frosty rime, and all the mudholes in the road coated with ice. Over the frozen rough road and through ice-bound streams, those barefooted and half clad five hundred marched, leaving on many a spot of Texan soil drops of blood from bruised and swollen feet. The sun at midday thawing it out only enough to make a cold slush, then toward night freezing again.

The brutal Alford ordered his men to ride through all streams above us that the *water might be muddy* for us to drink. What could sustain men, but the hope of exchange at such a time as this. Shreveport was reached, and the men were told that "in a few days" they would start for our lines. The "few days" passed, and through the winter the promise was renewed frequently of leaving in a few days.

The prisoners here, had the liberty of building huts and from the surrounding woods trees were cut and logs carried, that grew under willing hands into comfortable little houses, backwoods style. The chimnies, however, were not successful, and in dark huts full of smoke, sore eyes made their appearance. Once here the Confederate authorities, through the intercession of one Col. Tchiod, opened their hearts and store rooms, and issued shoes to a few of the men. From



this camp which was ten miles below Shreveport, many made their escape, some of whom relate their story in the ensuing pages.

The latter part of March came exciting reports of an advance, and at length the prisoners were suddenly hurried away on the well known road to Tyler. At Greenwood, the first night's stopping place, the regiment was rejoined by some runaways who had been lying in the Shreveport jail, myself among the number. Again, Alford was the officer in command, and the men felt there was no hope but in their power to endure.

At Greenwood two of Company "B," Enos Rush-ton and John Towne dug a hole at night while others slept, crawled into it, and were covered over with sticks and earth by their comrades, who left them an air hole, and heaped brush over the spot so that no guard would ride upon it. In the morning after our camp had been deserted by the last lingering guard, they rose out of their hiding place, and struck out for "Yankee lines," frightening a native, however, by rising out of the bowels of the earth, two spectral giant Yankees. They met Banks' advancing column, far down Red river, and participated in that disastrous campaign.

Our guard was mounted, and had only one wagon in which were their cooking utensils and a few day's rations, not any transportation for the sick or those who might give out. With brutal threats and blows with gun and saber the lagging ones were quickened, and when an old man, gray-haired, fell fainting by the wayside, Alford kicked him, prostrate, and *a lariat was tied around his neck* and secured to the pommel





of the saddle, by which they hastened on the weak old man urging him to a half run when he could keep his feet and *dragging him by the neck*, when through exhaustion he would sink to the earth. Another, who had been sick, lying down declared his inability to go further. Alford drawing his revolver shot him inflicting a severe, perhaps mortal wound, and annoyed at the groans of the wounded man, he forced his negro slave to get a rail and beat out his brains. By such means they succeeded in marching several hundred men, many bareheaded, most of them barefooted, over a hundred miles with little to eat and no transportation at all.

The numerous petty ways practiced to annoy us would require more space to notice than I can give. One, however, showed such a refinement of cruelty I cannot refrain from mentioning it. After a weary march we encamped along a clear pretty brook, which ran the length of our camp, and was not over five or six feet wide. Alford placed a line of guards between us and the water, while hundreds of men, thirsty and foot-sore and hungry, were there seeing the water running before their eyes, yet could get none to drink or mix their meal or to bathe their blistered feet. Tyler once more!

After months we return and occupy the same little huts we had built the fall previous. "Cast thy bread upon the waters." Our stay this time was not long, and a second time we started for exchange; only Col. Leake's "layout."

Our march this time was not so hard, for Leake gained us many favors. At Marshall we halt and go into camp, a delay we but partly understood, by hear-





ing the booming of cannon in the direction of Mansfield. We lay here several weeks; every few days fresh squads of prisoners passed us on their route to Tyler, just from the fields of Mansfield and the Arkansas.

Our weary waiting again ended in disappointment, for we were marched back to Tyler, where we found between four and five thousand prisoners, most of them without even *huts*. Men of every tribe and tongue and nation, from every State in the Union, or out, old and young, and Indians of every tribe, were assembled here; ragged many of them, while many were *not blessed with a rag*,—a blanket thrown over their shoulders protected them from the heat of mid-day and the chill dews of the night. There were men literally *swarming* with body-lice,—“greybacks”—and sick men lying on their backs in the hot sand under a burning sun, breathing out their life in all this squalor and misery. Instead of the last kind word or prayers, fell on his ear curses and rough jests. Idiocy, and as heart-sickening as any thing, was the passive indifference with which these things came to be regarded. Men standing by laughed at some drivelling wretch praying for something to eat. When one was sick the stomach refused the coarse corn dodger, and in this way come starvation,—*not* to the strong men who could have endured scanty fare, but to those who were sick and weak,—to those who would lie near the sinks day and night, their clothes stiffening with their own filth, maggots and lice crawling over them till they died.

And at the gate of our pen lay a pile of rough pine coffins, constantly diminishing, constantly replenished,



while on an opposite slope, each day fresh mounds were made.

The pen for the hounds was in sight of the stockade, and many times we have seen the pack take the scent of some of our number, and rarely fail to bring them back.

One morning near our breakfast hour, we were aroused by a great outcry from a crowd assembled near the centre of the stockade, and repairing to the spot, beheld a sight that rises before my mind's eye every time I hear the word "pardon" or Jeff Davis. A negro woman is being whipped,—a young, likely woman, standing on the opposite side-hill, in plain sight, with clothes held high up, exposing her body from her shoulders downward, is writhing and shrieking under the cruel strokes of the whip in the hands of a young man near her age. As stroke after stroke falls upon the quivering flesh, we could hear the sharp blow of the whip and see it curl around her back, hips and legs, and each moment seemed to add to the burning anger of the northern men, compelled to look on, as much as to the agony of the helpless victim; and the maledictions of our crowd upon the hill, were hurled at the brute in human form, and were *heard* too. Besides our five thousand, there were scores of southern *chivalry* lounging around enjoying both the suffering of the woman and the discomfiture of the Yankees. \* \*

Again we are paroled, and bid the stockade one more farewell, enjoining upon those to whom we gave our hut, to give it back to us if we returned. The officers in charge of us gave the sole control of the marching into the hands of Col. Leake, and he regu-



lated our time so that we made as short marches as possible, and with the least possible fatigue, letting us stop to drink or rest as often as necessary. Yet with all his care and kindness the march was a hard one, for it was July, and the hot dust and pebbles blistered our shoeless feet, while hickory leaves bound round our heads served as hats to those of us without.

Shreveport again and aboard the boats, we begin to feel that we *may* reach our lines.

Slowly we steamed down the Red River, sitting on the lower deck, listening to the plashing of wheels that were impelling us nearer to friends and life again, and watching the great unwieldy looking alligators lying along the slimy banks.

At Alexandria we debarked above the Falls and camped 'opposite the Dam that Gen. Joseph Bailey made, and that made Gen. Joseph Bailey. The next day we walked around the Falls and took other steamboats at the Alexandria wharf.

The last hungry hours of prison life drew to a close, and the morning of the 22nd of July, 1864, we floated out upon the broad Mississippi, and beheld once more our beloved Banner and knew we were yet alive.

The Commissioner of Exchange, Col. Dwight, came along side of our boat in a yawl, and scores of men rushed to the side eager to but touch the old Flag. The prisoners for whom we were exchanged, were well clothed and in good flesh and *spirits*, most of them having valises or knapsacks full of surplus clothing, and all their officers had their trunks and brandy flasks, both well filled.

On board the great "Nebraska" with roomy decks and the best of accommodations for soldiers we had





again Hard Tack and coffee. The change was greater than ever before I experienced.

The morning of the 24th, we were marched into the city of New Orleans in all our rags and dirt. We were reviewed by Gen. Canby, who gave us words of cheer, and seemed to think we would get to go home. I append an article taken from a New Orleans paper, of the 25th inst.

ARRIVAL OF PRISONERS—REBEL CRUELITIES—CONDITION OF THE PRISONERS.—Yesterday, at about the hour when Sabbath bells were ringing, and good people preparing for worship, our citizens were astonished by the apparitions of a regiment, the like of which certainly never marched through the streets of any christian city. Hatless and shoeless, without shirts and even garments that decency forbids us to name, they were greeted with a murmur of indignation almost universal. The shreds of buttoned colored clothing that fluttered from their attenuated forms deceived us all. We believed them rebels held as prisoners in our hands, and universal execrations was hurled upon the authorities for what was deemed their inhumanity to helpless prisoners. But we soon discovered our mistake, they were Union men taken by the rebels in battle, held many months in captivity and now returned to us for the sleek well fed rebel soldiers that we gave up last week.

Decency forbids us to describe the utter nudity of these men, officers and soldiers.

Many of them had not rags to be ragged with, and as their bare feet pressed the sharp stones, the blood marked their tracks. Animated skeletons marching through the streets of New Orleans.





They had just arrived from Red River in numbers nearly a thousand, comprising prisoners from many battle-fields, many of them twelve to eighteen months in captivity. Their story is soon told, they are one installment from the great prison pen near Tyler, Texas, where from four to six thousand are gathered within a stockade fort at the rate of about a thousand to an acre of land. We will not sicken the reader with a recital of the disgusting history of this camp. Its foetid atmosphere, its accumulated filth, its terrible destitution. They can be imagined, we have no wish to recite them.

Although gathered from various commands, we believe that a majority of them belong to the States of Iowa and Indiana. The 19th Iowa and 26th Indiana, are well represented. Thomas, Moorehead, Co. "I," 26th Indiana, was cruelly and wantonly murdered by one of the guards named Frank Smith, while ten paces inside the guard lines.

Four times have the Iowa and Indiana troops marched the one hundred and ten miles from Shreveport to Tyler for exchange, their bare feet being cut with the frozen earth of last November.

At Camp Ford they have built huts from brush-wood with which to shelter themselves. This work was one of slow progress, from the want and the inability to get beyond the guard lines into the woods for material.

Whenever any of these prisoners escaped they were hunted with bloodhounds and, in nearly every case, recaptured. On the 24th of March Col. Rose and all the Indiana officers escaped by digging under the stockade, but after nights of weary marching were re-



captured by the aid of dogs and brought back. Lient. Collins of the number escaped again. Lient. Col. Border, commanding the camp, rebuked the guard for bringing him back, and posted an order to all guards recapturing an escaped prisoner to shoot or hang him on the spot.

These men were marched to Shreveport under the guard of Lieut. Hays, commanding the band of conscripts. So cruel were these men that when the foot-sore prisoners gave out by the road side, they put a lariat around their necks and tied it to their saddles—a refinement of cruelty.

Many officers remaining are in irons, and all are suffering for food, medicine and clothing. The rations served out each to them are a few ounces of beef, indian meal and salt, no wonder they die like sheep. A small quantity of quinine, blue-mass and calomel, constitute the entire pharmacopœia of the camp.

We have not time to relate a third of the cruelties related to us. But there is one thing of such frightful enormity that we should fail to do our duty if we did not call the attention of the Government to it. Two hundred of these prisoners have been vaccinated for the prevention of small-pox with virus tainted with the foul leprosy of sin, and are now impregnated with this loathsome disease.

Immediately upon the arrival of these prisoners the representatives of the Western Branch of the Sanitary Commission, with agents of Iowa and Indiana, addressed themselves busily to the work of ameliorating their condition. Before night they will be clad and their immediate wants cared for.



Col. Kimball by direction of Gov. Morton of Indiana, made four distinct attempts to send relief to this camp without success. Kirby Smith has now expressed his willingness to permit them to be supplied, and the agents of the different States and the Sanitary Commission will immediately ship a liberal supply of necessaries, together with stores for the sick and a supply of healthy virus for vaccine purposes.—*New Orleans Delta*, July 25th, 1864.

The Quartermaster at once issued us clothing, and we had good food. A handsome sword was presented to Col. Leake by the men of the 19th Iowa and 26th Indiana. The presentation was made in a few well chosen words by Oscar G. Burch, Sergeant Major of the 19th, and an eloquent and touching address made by the Colonel, who had fought at our head and endured with us the rigors of a long imprisonment, and who by his personal interest and influence had mitigated not a little the hardships of our lot. He had won and still retains the unbounded confidence and love of every man in his command.

The part of the regiment not captured, together with the recruits, arrived after we had been in the city some days, and we, the exchanged men rejoined the others who were in camp on the shell road. Colonel Bruce addressed us in a happy speech, and once more we were a whole regiment.





## CHAPTER VIII.

Friday, October 23d, orders came to move on board transports, it was raining and continued to do so until we got on board, even then not stopping. By one o'clock our regiment was on board the gulf steamer "Gen. Banks." but we lay there till 6 P. M., of the following day, when we ran down past New Orleans, The Quarantine, Fort Jackson, and other places of note and anchored at the "Balize," the weather was quite cold, and the boys thought the "*Sunny South*," had *played out*. On the "Gen. Banks" were also two companies of the 15th Maine volunteers, and I find in this journal these words applied to them "quarrelsome, thieving and mean, pale and sickly looking."

Many vessels pass us, some going up and some going down. In our expedition were twenty-four vessels. The evening of the 25th, the flag ship "McLellan" came down, and was received with the firing of a salute and rockets. Generals Banks and Dana were aboard. The next morning all the fleet being present, we steamed off down the S. W. Pass, taking up a pilot at "Pilottown," and were soon outside the bar where our boat and a few others getting ahead, anchored, waiting that the others might join us. At 3 P. M., we weighed anchor and stood out to sea before a stiff breeze. The sea was quite rough, and this being their first experience on the vasty deep, many of the men were soon in a *retch-ed* condition, and seemed anxious to have a general "casting up" of accounts. One man describing his sea-sickness, said: "for a



while I felt sick, I feared I should die, then I got so sick I was afraid I would not die."

Through the night it was rough, and the morning was gladly hailed by all. A heavy sea pitched the vessel about, and many "longed for the flesh pots of Egypt" in the shape of a footing on *terra firma*. The passage continued rough, but the 30th after a clear sunrise, the wind sprung up and blew a perfect gale from the north. We could not see a hundred yards distant, the sea was lashed into such a mist. The wind was so furious and the waves rolled so high that fears were entertained for the safety of the ship, and we were obliged finally, to throw overboard some caissons, mules and horses, and a signal of distress was kept flying all day to which no attention was paid.

The sea carried away the kitchen, and the night was cold and dark and we were hungry. The next morning the sea rose again and it was only by the steady use of a steam and two hand pumps that she could be kept afloat. The men in the midst of danger remained calm and quiet. Toward evening two Sharks crossed our bows, and the sailors at once predicted a death on board, during the night sometime one of the 15th Maine died. About 6 o'clock, the "Empire City" passed us and seeing our signal of distress came alongside, we told her our condition when she went on and reported to the Flag Ship, then returning she took us in tow. After running a few hours we lay to till the moon rose.

The morning of November 1st, the sea was still running heavily, yet we rode much steadier than before we were lashed to the "Empire City." About noon we took an observation and found we were sixty



miles north-east of our desired port. About 3 P. M., we hove in sight of the low flat islands that line the coast of Texas.

The gunboat "Virginia" started in chase of a suspicious looking craft to the south, and crowding all sail and putting on all steam, soon overtook and brought her to our anchorage near the mouth of the Rio Grande, but the "Leviathan" brought orders to us, and the following day having received some coal from the "Empire City" we steamed up to Brazos Santiago where we landed.

The 19th was the first regiment to land and form in line, at once being sent to "the front," four miles out to Boche Chico, where Major Bruce addressed the regiment in a few words of gratitude to a protecting Power that had brought them through the perils of the deep, and requested all who would give God the praise to unite with him in singing "Praise God from whom all blessings flow," and those simple words were seldom sung with more feeling and fervor than then.

\* \* From this island we can see in one direction Point Isabel, where Gen. Taylor landed troops during the Mexican war and in the other a large fleet of French and English vessels riding at anchor.

Brazos Santiago is a sand-bar with no vegetable life and nothing good about it, if I except the sea breeze.

The 31st we were mustered and the rolls headed "mustered for pay four days out of sight of land on the Gulf of Mexico."

On the 3d and 4th water was so scarce that many suffered much from thirst. The 4th, crossing the channel, we camped in the chaparral—a scrubby, dense thorny kind of brush—opposite Bagdad. The succee-





ding day the regiment moved on to the last point between Point Isabel and Brownsville, at which water can be procured; that was about nine miles from Brownsville.

On the 6th of November, Brownsville was reached and some large warehouses taken for quarters. Here, we were as far away from home as we could get and stay in the United States. Just across the river was the city of Matamoras, in Mexico. We were on the very outskirts of Uncle Sam's wide-spread domain.

Brownsville contains a population of seven or eight thousand, and many fine buildings both public and private, and five or six churches of different denominations. Many of the people are Mexicans, who though very wealthy are a miserable looking set. Vegetables and meat are plenty and cheap as are also salt and fresh water fish.

The Spanish ladies justify fully the descriptions given in novels,—all that charming grace is theirs. Most of the ladies wear the Serape—a sort of scarf, over the head and shoulders.

Every evening the brass band discoursed sweet music, and the natives of every age, sex, shade of color, condition and dress, assembled to hear it.

Here, even in mid-winter everything is in bloom, and the weather warm and pleasant. The prickly pear is abundant, and is a most delicious fruit. The cactus grows to the height of eighteen to twenty feet, and has leaves large as a washboard.

There is no large timber near Brownsville; all the growth being chaparral, a dwarfed species of oak, that grew so rank it was impossible to force a way through it in many places.





The men frequently went over the river into Mexico, armed with a pass and some *silver*, as greenbacks or any paper money would not circulate.

The objects of interest in Matamoras were many to an American. The Mexican people are anomalous—they are a human paradox, for they are squalid, untidy, quarrelsome and thievish, yet they love music and perform well on various instruments, and are fond of paintings, exhibiting a degree of artistic skill in many of their productions, that was wholly unlooked for to those who had seen none but the “Mexican abroad.” Their love for painting, music and ceremony leads them to embrace the Roman Catholic faith, and Matamoras has as fine a cathedral as is in the south, and well attended. Their dress is varied and fantastic,—they love gaud and glitter.

I find recorded in a journal the following:

“Gens. Ord and Herron, on visiting Matamoras today, (Feb. 11th, 1864,) were met with great *eclat*, receiving a salute of *thirty guns* and *two hundred bottles of champagne*.”

The life here was sometimes tiresome, not receiving mail for a month, and duty was very heavy, a chain guard being around the entire place. At one time two cannons were found in the river and taken up—a man diving and tying a rope around them.

While here at different times recruits joined the regiment, some of whom had been recruited just after the Prairie Grove battle, and had spent the intervening months lying at some camp of instruction (?).

Lieut. Col. Kent was on court martial and other duty most of the time, leaving the command of the regiment devolving upon Major Bruce.



In the early part of March, Lieut. Col. Kent resigned, and Major Bruce was made our Lieut. Colonel.

I give here a list of all the recruits of our regiment, some of whom joined at Forsyth, Mo., some did not join till after this time, but I give it here because the most of them here came to the regiment.

Co. A—Private David A. King.

"	"	Peter E. Landis.
"	"	H. Montgomery.
"	"	J. W. Reeves.
"	"	A. J. Riley.
"	"	Wm. Spain.
"	"	S. M. Stevenson.
"	"	James A. Sage.
"	"	G. A. Southworth.
"	"	C. W. Sackman.
"	"	Samuel Cole.
"	"	Isaac Glasford.
"	"	C. N. Johnson.
"	"	Geo. W. Orr.
"	"	James Elmer.
"	"	John Keithler.
"	"	Fred. Thompson.

Co. B—Private H. Byrkitt.

"	"	Geo. P. Baker.
"	"	W. L. Byrkitt.
"	"	C. M. Comagys.
"	"	Thos. Campbell.
"	"	W. F. Grasner.
"	"	James Heaton.
"	"	D. H. Lewis.
"	"	Elam Rushton.
"	"	David L. Reynolds.



Co. B—Private Thos. Sampson.

“ “ D. A. Shion.

“ “ J. Vanderwort.

“ “ Geo. R. Wood.

“ “ Wm. Woodward.

Co. C—Private John W. Anderson.

“ “ J. L. Winter.

“ “ Joe. A. Dawson.

“ “ N. L. Babcock.

“ “ S. B. Houston.

“ “ Geo. D. Knox.

“ “ D. K. Larrimer.

“ “ Wm. C. Porter.

“ “ P. Swartzlander.

“ “ S. W. Taylor.

“ “ R. H. Young.

“ “ Thos. J. Talbott.

“ “ N. Wilkin.

“ “ Joseph Skinner.

“ “ Amos Helwick.

Co. D—Private E. Pope.

“ “ J. R. Peters.

“ “ M. Thompson.

“ “ A. H. McReynolds.

“ “ J. M. Knowles.

“ “ Wm. A. Black.

“ “ R. B. Kenyon.

“ “ J. Q. Gray.

Co. E—Corp'l. John Bressler.

“ Private Samuel Bressler.

“ “ J. A. Terrell.

Co. E—Private Silas Geer.

“ “ Elias James.





Co. E—Private Benj. Kinnion.

- { “ “ Wm. R. Kinnion.
- “ “ G. A. Liddle.
- “ “ Jasper N. Matlock.
- “ “ Henry Morgan.
- “ “ Wm. A. Thompson.
- “ “ Patrick Walch.
- “ “ Chas. E. Hahn.
- “ “ I. N. Southard.
- “ “ H. G. Frazer.
- “ “ Levi Williams.
- “ “ Harlin West.
- “ “ Alonzo Willard.
- “ “ Z. Grier.
- “ “ J. D. Dodge.
- “ “ Jasper M. Howitt.

Co. F—Private Geo. M. Bell.

- “ “ E. H. Hurly.
- “ “ Geo. Rathfon.
- “ “ A. Linderman.
- “ “ Jas. Pontzier.
- “ “ Jas. B. Gibbs.
- “ “ Jas. Stewart.

Co. G—Corp'l. Wm. Walker.

- “ “ Geo. Rexwatch.
- “ “ Wm. H. Sprague.
- “ “ John E. Sprague.
- “ “ Ormond Plurson.

Co. H—Corp'l. John H. Byers.

- “ Private John Guy.
- “ “ D. C. Harris.
- “ “ John W. Pearson.
- “ “ S. R. Stewart, joined at Forsyth, Mo.



Co. I—Private David Moody.

“ “ Edward Murphy.

“ “ Charles H. Stratton, joined at New Orleans.

Co. K—Private Jesse Starkey, joined at Forsyth, Missouri.

Co. K—Private Jesse Murphy.

“ “ Geo. W. Anderson.

“ “ Alfred Bales.

“ “ A. Huddleston.

“ “ S. Perkins.

“ “ Wm. Paxton.

“ “ Wm. L. Smith.

“ “ J. G. M. Smith.

“ “ Walter Roberts.

“ “ John Gish.

“ “ R. W. Allsup.

“ “ Wm. Bench.

“ “ Geo. L. Carter.

“ “ Saml. McCoy.

“ “ A. J. Smith.

The last of July the regiment embarked for New Orleans, leaving three companies, viz: “B,” “C” and “K” at Brazos Santiago, where they remained till Aug. 16th, when they too come to New Orleans.

The return trip of the regiment to the city was prosperous, and they went into camp on the Shell Road.



## CHAPTER IX.

Some of those who escaped from prison have given me narratives of their adventures, some of which I will insert here.

The first is of myself—an escape that was unsuccessful.

November the 8th, Horatio W. Anderson, Wm. McGregor and myself, having made all the preparations for escaping that was possible, determined to delay no longer, and as the shadows of the pines grew longer and stretched far over the stockade, putting on our scantily filled haversacks and bidding the boys a hasty good-bye, we crept over the guard line and shaking from our feet the dust of the pen, shaped our course for the north star, with the intention of going to Fort Smith.

For ten hours we kept steadily on our course with an occasional alarm, and near morning stopped to conceal ourselves during the day. That long day came to an end at last, and at dusk we started on, coming to Sabine River bottom about ten o'clock. For two hours we struggled on through vines and tangled undergrowth, till finding it impossible to proceed, we thought to lie down but could not for the dense growth of shrubs and vines; however, we cleared a sufficient space with our hatchet to lie upon till morning, and the Sabine was reached by sunrise.

The country seemed so wild and unsettled we deemed it safe to travel by day, so continued on our way, seeing very many deer, as indeed we did on every day



of the trip, crossing many roads and streams and going around plantations. During the night it froze hard, but the day was pleasant and we traveled far. About ten o'clock coming to a small house away from any settlement apparently, we entered and found no one at home. The ringing sound of an axe in sturdy hands came to our ears from a hillside not two hundred yards distant, and from the kind and quantity of furniture as well as the condition of the cupboard, we thought he must be a bachelor; indeed we *knew* it, and knowing bachelors to be *open-hearted* (?) and *generous*, we did not wait his arrival but took what we chose,—among other things a compass, that proved of great benefit to us afterward. Even in our haste to leave we had time to laugh at noticing among his few books, a *small* work on "Infant Baptism."

We then walked rapidly on till midnight. Resting till near morning, we started on and about noon found three girls chopping in the woods, and asking of our whereabouts found we were not far distant from Mount Pleasant; being asked to go to the house for dinner we went quite willingly. When they found who we really were they told us their father and brother were "laying out" to keep out of the army. After dinner going on five or six miles we saw a house at which we stopped for something to carry with us to eat.

The door step had hid itself away in the weeds, the well was stagnant and to the handle, idle for months, dangled a lazy rope, so rotten, the pail had broken away from it and fallen into the water. A little pale meek-eyed woman told us, pointing to a small corn cake, "that's all we have in the house," then added with tears in her eyes and voice "my John's pressed





into the army, and I don't know if he lives or not" and as I saw those little children, three of them, looking as the stillness of death had fallen on their spirits, I turned away, thinking as we walked along, of the many other sorrowful hearts in the land.

Some miles further on we entered a small house in a deep valley, and to our consternation, there sat three men, long-haired and wild eyed, while leaning against the wall was their guns; to speak, or even *think*, was impossible. Mechanically we stepped to the water bucket and each took a drink in silence, passing out as unceremoniously as we had entered. They were probably deserters, who were but too glad to remain unmolested themselves to hinder us, or be at all inquisitive. The following day we killed a pigeon and ate it raw, having no means of making fire.

About midday the country assumed the appearance of being more thickly settled, and soon we came to a prairie on the edge of which we saw a large house and went to it. The lady of the house welcomed us warmly saying, "it's not often any of our brave boys come to our house," and we were forthwith honored guests, on the understanding that we were good Southern soldiers. After eating a substantial meal and hearing an exact history of each individual member of the family, present or absent, we went on our way rejoicing. The country began to grow more and more rough and before night we were on the hills.

The following day we stopped with like success at a house for our dinner. Sabbath, November 15th, we left our bed of leaves at 4 o'clock in the morning, and traveled till midnight, meeting with but two adventures to relieve the monotony of the route. Early in



the morning we stopped at a large house on the main road from Clarksville to Fort Towson, Indian Territory. At the former place a cavalry regiment was organizing, and at the latter a large part of Cooper's army lay.

We told the good 'Squire Jones we were returning to our commands in Cooper's army from furlough and while breakfast was preparing, we discussed a paragraph in a Clarksville paper relating the particulars of Gen. Blunt's death. Breakfasting deliberately, although we momentarily feared the arrival of some wandering trooper, we thanked the host and resumed our journey, thinking that day would bring us to Red River. Nearer evening, as we tramped through the woods in Indian file, I being in the advance, stepped out unexpectedly upon a well traveled road and saw within a hundred yards, two Confederate officers in full uniform with revolvers belted on, riding toward us, and they saw us; there was but one thing to do, we walked fearlessly on (to all outward seeming) crossing the road, which run east and west, and they reining in their horses watched us out of sight. This made us more careful, and urged us on, lest they put the hounds on our track, if they had a suspicion of who we were.

Toward midnight we entered low well cultivated land, and after going some miles, concluded we were in Red River bottom, which was true. For over eight miles was one continuous cotton field with long rows of rail pens filled with the crop. The morning star rose, and fearing to travel in so thickly settled a country we climbed up into the highest cotton pen we could find, and rested in state, for in truth, King Cotton made a royal couch.



When morning dawned we beheld Red River about a mile north of us, and for miles on either side of our pen was one vast cotton field, but on the Indian Territory side we could see the timber come to the waters edge. Through the day the plantation hands were at work at a gin so near by we could hear their talk and the overseer's harsh voice urging them on.

When darkness come we climbed down and went to the negro quarters for something to eat. They gave us all they had in the world—about a pound of corn bread, and gave us directions where to cross the river. Going to the river we missed the place, and after wandering up and down for some time, I tried to wade it, first taking off my clothes. The water was to my chin when not quite the middle, and the main channel not yet reached, so as McGregor could not swim we abandoned the attempt for that night and sought rest and a hiding place in a cotton house, in which were several hundred bales of cotton, one of which we cut open and made a bed high up in the pile and removed from notice. Here we slept most of the next day, though for several hours in the forenoon, we were kept in suspense by some little negroes playing over the pile, as we feared they might discover us.

Toward evening getting hungry and half reckless, (our last meal was the corn cake the night before,) we slipped out of the cotton house and going down the river a few rods to where a fence ran close by the bank we made a raft of rails, binding it together with ropes cut from cotton bales. The plantation belonged to Hugh Rogers, and is one of the largest on the Red River.







Fearing the raft was not of sufficient *tonnage* to carry three safely, McGregor and I crossed first, McGregor acting both as *pilot* and *propelling* power, then he went back for Anderson, and by sunset we were in the Indian Nation, and after crossing the bottom land, which was not so wide as that on the Texas side, we came to high rolling open country, and felt comparatively safe for we were out of reach of the dogs.

About midnight we lay down and were lulled to sleep by the howling of wolves, and our slumbers were neither sound or unbroken. The next forenoon we traveled through a wild but beautiful country, and near ten o'clock came to an Indian village—Choctaw—and by signs made them know we were hungry, when they set out venison, sweet potatoes, curdled milk, and a kind of drink made from roots that had more of the flavor and aroma of Mocha than any imitation of coffee I ever drank. Their houses were substantial one story hewn log structures, and very comfortable, the inside floored neatly and the air of half civilization was toned down by a cheap print of some missionary that hung on the walls, and a bible in their language lying on a stand. Seeing this, I took from my pocket a small Testament (a gift from my father, and the last relic—other than one picture that I had—of home,) and by signs made them know it was the same. I fancied the woman's face wore a kindlier look.

After eating heartily we took our departure, not having seen any men around the village, although we were in but one house.

After we were a sufficient distance in the woods to have lost sight of the village, we turned to the north



again and were hardly three hundred yards from the road, when hearing the rapid steps of horses approaching, we lay down in the brush, and two Indians astride their lank scrubby ponies, with rifles slung across their saddles came galloping past, looking closely on every side. We lay breathless till they had passed on, then arising hastened to put all possible space betwixt them and us.

In about an hour we came to a lake seeming about a mile long and two hundred yards wide, with high hills all around. The water was clear as air and cold, and large rocks stood closely all through it, so close that seeking a place narrower than the others, we crossed by leaping from stone to stone. Near dark we succeeded in reaching the top of a mountain which towered high among the surrounding hills, like a giant among men, and on the loftiest knoll we laid our wearied forms to rest. Waking, we saw the rosy tint in the eastern sky and soon the sun rose, but to us was not visible, for below us hung clouds in the frosty air. For all the hours of that forenoon we toiled down the steep descent, loosening stones and clinging sometimes to bushes, till at last with bruised feet we stood in the valley.

That night we came to a line of fire reaching as far as eye could see out into the open pine forest on either side; the Indians were burning off their hunting grounds. Finding a weak place in the line we ran through it and lay down on the warmed and blackened ground.

Morning drew near and the sky was cloudy, by daylight the rain was falling fast, and then came the occasion for using our compass. All day it rained, and



as night drew on a cold north-west wind sprung up, the rain rushed down colder with such blinding force we dared not go forward over the rocky precipitous mountains. We could but wander aimlessly around to keep up circulation. Benumbed we are ready to lie down in despair, when the glimmer of fire afar off brought a glimmer of hope to our hearts. Pressing on we found the faintest blaze lingered on a pine log fired by the burning woods of the day before, but the drenching rain was fast putting it out when we happily found it. Our willing hands piled high the dry branches and soon a cheering blaze shot upward, and till long after midnight we turned before the fire cheering each other with home-talk. Then the rain ceasing we slept a few hours and morning came cool and clear.

Since crossing Red River we had eaten but one meal, and now each looked into the others face wondering if their own were so sunken and hollow. Near noon we found a beaten path, and followed it coming to a comfortable log house, and on entering found no one there, but there was a library; history, classics, theology, and poetry, and what was infinitely more pleasant to us, we found in the cupboard honey and sweet potatoes, to which we helped ourselves freely. While eating, the man came in seeming some little surprised at our being so comfortably established in his house, but we soon explained. We learned his name was Fisk, a native Choctaw Missionary, who had received his education at Marietta, Ohio. He seemed sorry to see us appear so hungry, and when we told him who we were, said, "I am confederate, but I am a christian, and I feed my enemies; I will not trouble you."





He was anxious to hear of many whom he had met in a tour through the east, and seemed much affected, when I told him of the death of Dr. Lyman Beecher. When departing, he told us our forces occupied Waldon, a point much closer than Fort Smith, and offered to put us on a trail leading there, riding over a mile on his pony to do it. We left the old man of country manners, an ascetic and an eremite in that vast wilderness, a christian gentleman who recognized in us brothers by the great Freemasonry of humanity. We parted from him sadly, feeling that—

"Some future day when what is *now*, is not,  
When all old faults and follies are forgot,  
And thoughts of difference passed like dreams away,  
We'll meet again upon some future day."

That evening we passed through an Indian village of poles and bark, stopping only long enough to say "Aqua" and received a drink of purest coldest water in a gourd from the hands of a Squaw neatly habited in homespun. The next morning, about nine o'clock, the rough hilly districts were left behind, and the country once more assumed the long rolling swell with pine timber becoming sparser, and oak frequent. Near evening we saw a man working in a field, who told us he was Wm. Bryant, and as he was going to the house, we asked for supper, which he promised. Reaching the house we found it to be a large frame building with many of the appliances of civilization.

He was a white man who had married a Choctaw woman, and accumulated a handsome property. He was a loyal man, and treated us kindly. His daughter, who prepared our supper was a shy handsome girl. I was quite at a loss which was most beautiful,





her eyes, or those of a timid fawn that caressingly licked my hand and looked up in my face with such soul-like eyes.

The setting sun glowed upon the tree tops and made the shades settle deeper and darker on the clear beautiful stream that murmured before the door. That scene will never fade from my mind as one of the most beautiful of my life. \* \* \* \*

Walking on till eleven o'clock in an easterly direction, we stopped at a small house, from which about half the things had been removed. Taking possession of the premises, we killed a fat pig and rifled a bee hive, having for our suppers fried pork and honey. A feather bed that had not been removed, we put down before the fire and laying down upon it, we slept till three o'clock in the morning, when we started on, we passed through a camp of some kind, and soon crossed the Arkansas line. After sunrise as we seemed drawing near to settlements, I wrote a pass (McGregor had pen, ink and paper,) and signed Gen. Steel's name to it, C. S. A., and armed with this we took the State road, traveling rapidly till nine o'clock, when we stopped for breakfast at Judge Nichols, where they told us our cavalry had eaten supper the night before, so we felt near home. While eating in the kitchen, Mrs. Nichols stepped to the front door and said: "Here comes some of your boys now," I arose, and going to the window, looked out, seeing three soldiers in full federal uniform which satisfied me of their being our friends; but hardly had I resumed my seat when Mrs. Nichols cried out in alarm that some bushwhackers were coming, and our boys and they would fight there; but from the friendly greeting that passed between



them in the road we knew that they were not at enmity. They entered the house, sitting around on chairs, beds and tables promiscuously, with shot guns and squirrel rifles. We could hear their rough talk from the kitchen, and trembled at our probable fate but the crisis had to come, so putting on an unconscious look, we arose from the table and entered the room. To meet the curious gaze of ten or twelve pair of eyes peering from out the hairy faces of roughly dressed men, without flinching or changing color, was the task successfully accomplished. When one at last ventured to ask us who we were, I as spokesman answered, we were paroled Federal prisoners sent through to our lines by Gen. Steele, whose army lay in or near that part of the country we had passed over. Then one of them who plainly prided himself on his shrewdness and knowledge of business said, "you'd orter hev a showin or paper" "certainly" said I, drawing forth the pass and handing it to him. He took the slip of paper gingerly betwixt his thumb and fore finger, using it as though momentarily looking for it to evaporate, and turning to a small sharp-eyed red headed man said, "Judge, you're more on a skollard than we, read this," and judge accordingly read it aloud pronouncing it "all squar," which verdict being echoed by the others a mountain lifted itself from my heart. Not to seem hurried, we sat a half hour, promising to "jog along a bit further fore night," which promise we conscientiously kept.

About two hours rapid walking brought us to a broad clear stream where we found no way of crossing; just opposite lay a canoe, and while we stood debating our best method of procedure a half-breed In-



dian girl came down the road to the canoe. We called out to her and motioned to her to cross to us, she stepped into the small shell, and standing up near the center with a few skillful strokes brought it to us. She stood quiet till we were seated, then she propelled the canoe with a gliding motion over as lovely a stream as I ever beheld, Mountain Fork. Walking on with only a halt for supper at a house, ten o'clock found us near Fort Smith, and no signs of any more guerrillas. Here Anderson had a chill, caused by exposure during the tramp, and we stopped at the first house with him.

The people received us kindly; we told them who we were, and they got us something to eat; while sitting by the fire talking over the war, the clatter of iron hoofs was heard and in a minute the two doors were opened at once admitting three roughly clad brutal looking men each with a drawn revolver. Of course we surrendered, and were at once subjected to a searching ordeal of questions to determine if we were all right but with the aid of our forged pass we satisfied all of the party but one, who knew too much, and he had us taken back six miles to a house to find their Captain to see what disposition to make of us. During that midnight tramp, *Cook* several times promised us he would see to it; that our blood and bones enriched Arkansas soil. Reaching the house the Captain was not found, so we were allowed the privilege of lying on the floor before the fire, which was a comfort we enjoyed.

After a substantial breakfast that differed only in coffee from a farmers fare at the north, we left, following a devious and untraveled track, round hills, and







through broken hollows, till at last through the avenue of trees a dim smoke curling upward, marked the camp of the wild men. The throng of men around the fire opened as we drew near with our captors, and stared at us with rude surprise. They never took a Federal prisoner farther than a convenient spot for killing.

In the motley crowd that assailed us with questions, were white haired old men and smooth-faced ruddy cheeked boys, half-breed Choctaws, with wide mouth and little glittering eyes; men clad in beaded buckskin, butternut homespun, and stolen broadcloth. Lying around were saddles, bridles, guns, sabres, and all the paraphernalia of camp life. Until this time the hope had lingered that I might impose the pass on the guerrilla captain, but seeing him dissipated that hope. His name was J. B. Williamson, a lawyer of some repute in Kentucky, and a man of pleasing appearance and engaging address, so I wisely refrained from the attempt to prevaricate longer. The morning of the 23d of November, we were taken into their camp and were with them till Dec. 6th, when we were sent to Washington, Ark.

While with the bash-whackers we lived well; fresh beef, pork and mutton all the time, flour, corn-meal and hominy.

Anderson continued so sick he could not get around, so they spared themselves the trouble of a guard over us, by threatening him with death if either of us run away,—a threat they would have kept most religiously, for while with them we were frequently waked at night by squads returning from their depredations, and heard their heartless jests at the remembered death agony of some poor victim.



One day having become somewhat acquainted with one of the most pleasant men in the band—Geo. Winton, Anderson asked him if he would bring him a book from his father's house, (their friends all lived in the immediate vicinity,) he said: "Thar ar a book thar, a big one at that,—Holy! Holy Bible, or some sich name as that," and this sheer honest ignorance.

They robbed indiscriminately and were thought a nuisance by the regular Confederate soldiers.

In a circuit of ten miles they told us there were over four hundred, and I felt disposed to credit it, for I saw many of them. Quarrels agitated the different small bands constantly.

One day while moving camp, a thing that was done at least every other day, their wagon fell a little behind, and some of Glass's company took a saddle out of it belonging to one Newsome, who was of an irate disposition. He on the arrival of the wagon in camp, missing his saddle and learning in whose hands it was, borrowed another to use on his horse to go after his own, and rode out of camp breathing vengeance dire and speedy against the offenders.

After being absent till after noon the next day, Newsome came sneaking into camp crest-fallen, having had his horse and *borrowed* saddle taken by the brother robbers. Much sport was made of Newsome, but the loss was felt by them for the horse was the fleetest in the band. Several times we had alarms, and we told the men if the Feds come we hoped the Feds would whip, but if any other company of *whackers* come we would help what little we could.

One afternoon two more prisoners were brought in—citizens—an old man and his son. James M. Still.



of Indiana, and his son Reeves Still, had come to Fort Smith to try and visit Mrs. Dotson, a daughter of Mr. Still, that was living outside our lines, and while at her house they were caught by some of our gang. It seemed he had been talking plain English to them in response to their queries as to his status on the war, for they were in a very ill humor. The fact that he had once for a few years lived in Texas, operated strongly against him. For one who had enjoyed the benefit of even a few years protection under Texas *law* to be a black abolitionist, showed a degree of human depravity and ingratitude deplorable to think of.

The bushwhackers gathered around him with angry faces and bitter words, till having talked and swore their courage up to the sticking point, they led him off into the woods with a rope around his neck and a gun cocked at his breast. He was told if he would not go before his God with a lie in his mouth, to answer their questions truly or renounce his loyalty to a nigger-loving Government, but the fear of death was not so strong as the fear of dishonor, and the old man was firm. At length some of them becoming ashamed of their unmanly work, had him brought back into camp, and when we were sent to Washington, he and his son went along.

He is now living in Iowa, having made good his escape from Washington jail when under sentence of death as a spy, leaving his son who was sick and unable to accompany him.

The 6th of December the bushwhackers started us to Washington, Arkansas, to turn us over to the authorities there for they had communication with the military authorities and drew ammunition of the Con-





federate officers, although the rebels declaimed loudly against bushwhackers.

The 6th and 7th we had a long and muddy tramp, —seventy miles, and the next day were lodged in the upper story of the county jail, a strong double log building with four windows in the room, having no glass or sash, but heavy iron bars across and up and down, leaving between, spaces about eight inches square. The room was eighteen by thirty feet, and in it were over sixty men, some of them having been in that room for months without a change of clothing.

Men were confined there for horse-stealing, mutiny in the army, murder, and every other crime,—Christians, Indians, Half-breeds; men stooped with age, and boys of fourteen, old river gamblers, and now were added to them “Yanks” and the gray-haired Still and son, who were *worse than Yanks*.

As I wish to maintain my character as at least *resembling* a truthful man, I will not attempt a full description of the filthy barbarities inflicted at this place. To try to describe the *place* would be folly.

At night not all of the inmates could rest at once on the literally creeping floor, and through the day but one man at a time was taken out by the slow-paced guard, and *never* did they get around in the same day. There were men who had not washed their faces for weeks. To get drinking water was almost impossible; happily I had formed a habit of doing comparatively without drinking.

Each morning from twelve to fifteen pounds of coarse musty meal and a very small quarter of beef, (invariably *fore* quarter,) was passed in to us, with the privilege of cooking it in a broken skillet and a small





iron pot, that held probably five or six quarts, over a little smoky fireplace in a corner of our room. To get the food cooked, the vessels must be used day and night, keeping the room full of smoke, till our eyes grew red and sore.

To think of escape from this place seemed worse than futile, for not only was the jail in the center of a town of about two thousand inhabitants with soldiers camped around, the windows all strongly barred, and men inside with us who would inform of any attempt of the "Yanks" to get away, and on each side of the building paced a sentinel day and night.

Yet escape was talked of, and when our relief stayed up at night that the others might sleep, a large knife made its appearance from the leg of my boot, and worked away very industriously, cutting through a log upon which rested one of the perpendicular bars, and after each night's work scraping dust and dirt and chips into the opening, covering the whole with ashes.

At length one night the busy knife found the last chip removed, and the iron upright bar slid down the thickness of the log that had been cut off; leaving the aperture at the top of the window eight by sixteen inches. To obtain a rope was not very difficult under pretence, to a better natured guard than usual, that it was to start some amusement with us, and now we only waited for a dark night, but the weather was never clearer. The moon never seemed so perverse in its brightness, and for three nights we watched and waited in vain. We had made the acquaintance of two men who had agreed to accompany us, one was Anthony C. Johnson, of Little Rock, son of Judge Johnson, Attorney General of the State of Arkansas,



and Wm. Greer, who had been taken from his home twenty-five miles east of Washington and put in jail, to meditate over the evil of "laying out" to keep out of the Southern army. He was a quiet man, mild in his language and effeminate in his looks, Johnson on the contrary, was a boasting, reckless kind of fellow but both proved themselves every inch men.

On Christmas Eve., having grown weary and impatient waiting for a cloudy night, Johnson said he was willing to go if the rest were, so taking the rope I made it fast to one of the bars, letting the loosened bar slide from its proper place easily as possible and dropping the rope, at length was ready to make the attempt, midnight was near at hand, and the bitterest rebels were asleep on the filthy floor, when casting an anxious look toward the guard, I saw he had been joined by an acquaintance, and stood talking with him at a smouldering fire about thirty feet from the spot beneath the window. But the time had come, and cautiously I slipped through the bars, letting myself down steadily, the moon seeming to dazzle my eyes with its brightness. I reached the ground, stood quiet a moment, hearing the low murmur of the guards' voices, then walked slowly away, my footsteps muffled in the sandy soil, and stopped about one hundred feet away, in the shadow of a house.

Anderson, Greer, McGregor are down and with me. We hear a disturbance in the jail, Johnson drops quick as lightning, making a noise, and we run for it. It was a race through a town full of patrols who thinking us some of themselves on a "spre" favored us and we made the woods near town, ahead of our pursuers, but one shot being fired. We had hardly



gained the cover of the wood, when clouds obscured the sky, and Egyptian darkness prevailed through that night, and we followed silently through the gloom Greer who was guiding us to his home.

The next forenoon crossing Prairie d'Ann, we were discovered by two cavalry men, but were so near the edge of the prairie that we soon got into a thicket, so dense, pursuit was out of the question. That night we got to Greer's house, and while we lay outside, he crawled up to his own home as a thief, and after a careful survey of the premises went in but almost immediately returning with a brand of fire and an arm-full of quilts. Going a mile from the house we were in a place inaccessible to any one not perfectly acquainted with the locality. This was on Little Missouri river bottom.

Here we had a fire, and soon Mrs. Greer brought us a warm supper. I never relished any as I did that. We had come by Greer's house more especially to get horses, and on the next day we busied ourselves catching some. The bottom was full of young horses that had run in it since the war commenced.

Greer was taken suddenly ill with fever, and the second night the rain began falling heavily and steadily, we were on an island (containing about three acres) formed by a bayou from the river. Greer's fever rose till he was delirious, and as the night advanced, the rain fell harder, and the waters rose rapidly till the island was partly covered, and in the darkness by the flashes of lightning we could see the water drawing near to us, crawling slowly, but surely about us. Nearer and nearer drew the pitiless black tide, not rushing and roaring as did the river one hundred





yards away, but creeping, *stealing, gliding*, toward us and our sick charge. We piled up sticks and bark, placing all the folded quilts under Greer, and with anxious hearts watched the rising water heedless of the falling torrents. Knee deep we stood and the rain ceased, it rose no higher, and we were safe; but the hours were weary standing in the water waiting for daylight.

Day did come, though, but no breakfast, no dinner. Toward evening, Johnson started a fire, (the waters having run off rapidly) with a flint and by climbing trees for dead limbs. McGregor by a strategic movement got near enough a fat young cow to lasso her; we killed and cut her up with a hatchet, and had beef raw, beef roast, beef boiled and beef *alone*.

Greer's health improved so much that by New Year's Eve we started for Little Rock, being mounted on the choicest animals we could find from near two hundred. That was a wild ride, through a part of country patrolled unceasingly by the rebel cavalry—infested with guerrillas. Swimming swollen streams, turning off the road to avoid scouts, and running swift races at times for our liberty, we were overtaken by a snow storm that soon covered the ground three or four inches deep.

Nine o'clock New Years night found us within a few miles of our pickets, and so nearly frozen to death, we stopped at a house careless of the result.

Once by a warm fire, irresistible drowsiness overwhelmed us, and we stayed all night. Early the following morning a scout of twenty-two rebels surrounded the house, took us, tied us two and two, and back to Camden we rode through the cold. At Cam-



den, (one hundred and twenty-five miles from Little Rock,) we were put to work as scavengers, and I refused to work.

Being reported by a guard to Col. E. E. Portlock, Jr., commanding the Post of Camden, he ordered his Post Adjutant to handcuff me, which he did roughly, and passing a rope under the steel band, he swung me up by the wrists clear of the ground, striking me with his cane, and saying: "That's the way we break our niggers, and that's the way we'll *break* all such damned nigger-loving ———" with much else too low to bear repetition. Leaving me with the consoling assurance that there I should hang till I *worked* or *died*, of which after pondering over about an hour, and getting faint and sick, I chose the *work*. The remainder of the time we were at Camden, the Federal prisoners, were made to husk, shell and sack corn for their army, carry railroad iron for fortifications and much other hard work. The latter part of January, we were taken to Shreveport with several others, among whom were James M. Ross, son of the Cherokee Chief, John Ross, and Benjamin Alsup, formerly Judge of Howell County, Missouri. Judge Alsup had been in the Little Rock penitentiary, previous to the occupation of that city by our troops, and had been cruelly treated, even *whipped*—he a *loyal American* citizen—white haired old man! Yes! pardon our erring brothers.

At/Shreveport we were shut up in an old brick wareroom with a brick floor and no windows. Not light enough came through the dusty panes above the door to enable us to wage successful war against "Grey-backs."



Here we lay through cold damp days and long sleepless nights, eating the pittance of coarse half-cooked corn cake and beef without salt, until the last of March, when we were taken to the rest of the prisoners, who were on their way to Tyler, Texas. H. W. Anderson escaped from Shreveport the last of February, and after a hard and perilous trip, when the waters covered the whole face of the country, he reached Natchez.





## CHAPTER X.

*A narrative of the escape from rebel prison at Shreveport, La., on the 23d night of February, 1864, of John Cary, a member of the 94th Ills. Infantry, and Levi B. Cocklin and L. Stone Hall, of Co. C, 19th Iowa Infantry.*

When I had made up my mind that I had staid with the rebels and endured their cruel treatment long enough, I sought for comrades those whom I knew to be brave and resolute men, for I knew that such an acquisition was essentially necessary to success.

Two better men could not have been found in the service than were Cocklin and Cary. Cary was accustomed to frontier life, and could not be lost in any swamp or forrest, when the sky was clear. Hence, in the organization of our party he was chosen guide. Cocklin and I were to procure food.

It was very necessary that our project should be kept secret, which was quite difficult, from the fact we had rations to get, and clothes to make and mend; we were successful however, until a few hours before we left, when we commenced baking our corn dodgers, our associates guessed our intentions, and were very kind, rendering us material aid by giving us their own rations.

At last all was ready and each hour seemed a day till we were on our way. It was hard to leave those brave fellows who had shared in common with us every hardship and privation of our prison life, and who





were as anxious as ourselves to return to our lines. Many more would have attempted to escape if they had had clothes and shoes. Many of them sent messages to their friends at home, which we gladly promised to deliver if successful.

Finally, the sun sank behind the forrest pines, and ere its last flickering ray of light ceased to play upon the western sky, we had taken leave of our comrades (and received many a God bless you,) and were safely outside the guard line, and with a light heart and lighter step, we were rapidly widening the distance between us and our rebel guards.

It was half a mile or more to the timber; when we had reached it we halted to put on our shoes; we had carried them in our hands to prevent any unnecessary noise. By this time the moon had risen, the stars shone soft and bright, and night's stillness was broken only by the zephyrs as they played through those grand old pines. We were in high spirits at our successful beginning, and I think truly grateful to Him who had guided and guarded our steps. We decided to go south, and when it was necessary to change our course to bear to the west. After a moment's rest we moved cautiously forward, determined to go slowly and surely; for hours we traveled undisturbed, avoiding every road and path that had been traveled lately. We were finally halted by an impassable swamp, and were obliged to retrace our steps for miles; this was not so elating as some things I might easily mention; we were prepared however, for such reverses, for we knew *our road was a hard one to travel*. A crossing place was finally found by wading. This was a cooler too. We must have traveled twenty-five miles before we camp-



ed. O, how tired and sleepy we got; our five days rations bore heavily across our shoulders.

About three A. M. we stopped, made a bed of pine boughs and reposed upon it with gladder hearts than we had possessed for months. In a few minutes each of us was sleeping quietly, and when I wakened it was nearly mid-day, the sun shone beautifully bright, the trees were peopled with many sweet songsters who seemed to congratulate us in our anticipations and happiness,—really, we felt happy. The air we breathed was pure,—there were no rebel guards standing around with fixed bayonets, watching every motion,—neither were the sounds which greeted our ears those threats and curses which we had been obliged to listen to so long. We did not see hundreds of brave men half fed and clothed, living, or rather enduring an existence almost hopeless, in want and filth. The change was perfect, the spell was sublime.

We kept quiet that day, neither moved about much nor spoke above a whisper, for we were near a residence. We were anxious to have night come so we could take up our line of march, for we dared not to expose ourselves through the day.

The two succeeding nights we got along finely, our path was in the rear of the plantations leading to Mansfield and Natchetoches. The fourth day from camp we ventured to travel some.

On the 28th, we were weather-bound, it became so cloudy we could not keep our course. We anticipated rain, and prepared for it as well as we could. We made a bed of leaves, over it stretched a blanket. For two nights and one day we laid in our nest of leaves, during which time it rained constantly. Before the



first morning the water was running under us. It was impossible to better our condition, unless we went to a house—this we determined not to do. So for over twenty-four hours we laid in the water, there not being a dry thread on us. Truly I believe we suffered more during that time than we would, had the weather been cold enough to freeze us to death.

On the morning of the 30th it stopped raining, still it was cloudy, so we could not keep our course with any certainty; but we were so chilled and exhausted with cold, we had to exercise. About noon the sun shone clearly again. We made good time after that, and got along finely until our rations were gone. This gave us new anxiety, for we knew there was danger in stopping at houses; but we must have something to eat, and coming to a small farm house, Cocklin resolved to go in, Cary and I were secreted in the brush a few hundred yards distant from the house, and with anxious hearts waited his return. On entering the house he found the farmer and lady at home; also a rebel officer who was stopping for the night with them. He made known his wants, which excited their curiosity. So much that they asked him who he was, and where he was from. Cocklin saw that the officer was a shrewd fellow, and thought his best plan was to tell the truth. The officer told him that it was his duty to arrest him. Cocklin replied rather coolly that it might be his duty but that he might have some trouble in doing so. This did not intimidate Johnny any. So Cocklin appealed to his honor, and asked him to do by him as he would like to be done by, if he was in a like position. They discussed the matter nearly three hours, and Cocklin finally won his suit. The reb







told him that he would not molest him, and that if he was arrested to make another as eloquent appeal as he had to him and his captor would surely release him. The farmer said he would forfeit his life by giving him food, and that he dared not do it. The rebel said he would report him if he did. The lady had more courage and sympathy, and met C. at the gate with a dish of corn bread, meat and gravy and a bottle of syrup, *and wished him well*. Just then the officer came to the door and said, federal, I advise you as a friend to avoid all roads, for we have scouting parties out all the time.

The hours seemed long, that we waited his return, for we were hungry, tired and anxious about his safety. And I knew when we saw his approach through the darkness and brush we were a happy set again. All the food he got would not make either of us feel satisfied. Still we saved some for our breakfast.

Cocklin thought it not safe to stay there that night, and notwithstanding the rebel advised us not to, we traveled in the road, for it was too dark to go in the woods, and the road ran in our course. We had not gone more than five miles when we discovered a camp fire ahead. We approached carefully, could hear no noise nor see any one, yet we were afraid and tried to go around it; but the brush was so thick we gave it up and determined to keep the road. We discovered no one until opposite the fire, then we saw three confederate soldiers asleep by it. We stepped lightly till out of hearing, then we left the road. After this, we kept our Johnny friend's advice as long as we could.

The next afternoon I tried my fortune at getting food. Where I went in, I found a lady with half a dozen



or more children, yet so different were they from the poor whites generally in the South, that I will speak more particularly of them than I otherwise should. Their home was a cabin roughly made, and undaubed. A log fire-place occupied one end of the house, a rail fence enclosed it, and the whole appearance was that of hard times; but during all my experience as a soldier, I saw no house and yard kept more tidy, nor a family more cleanly dressed; everything was in perfect order. I soon learned that the lady's husband was in the rebel service, and that she had not heard from him for over a year.

I told her I was a soldier and was going home, had got out of money and wanted something to eat. She gave me a good dinner of corn bread and bacon. While eating it I told her I had a fine comb that I would like to trade her for bread and meat. She gave me two loaves and a nice piece of meat, so I went back to the boys feeling quite rich. On this we subsisted four days. The country through which we traveled was a most beautiful pinery, and the home of innumerable droves of deer and other wild game; it was the divide between Red and Sabine Rivers. But we came to an end of this up-land the same day that our rations run out, and before us lay stretched out for a hundred miles the great swamps.

We were ignorant of this however, and spent half a day trying to cross. Several times we went out into these swamps until our only way of crossing was to jump from one root to another. We tried several times to find bottom by running a long pole down, but our search for it and a way across were equally useless. At night we camped where we rested at noon,



tired, hungry, and a little down in the mouth. It was not long till all were asleep, and I was at home in mother's buttery, eating custard pies. Was not that a sweet dream?

We were rested some by morning, yet we were weak and faint. I felt alarmed when I looked into the faces of my comrades.

Our first business was to obtain food and find out where we were. We traveled several hours before we saw or heard any signs of civilization. Finally, we heard a cock crow, and went in that direction; it led us out to a small plantation. We had avoided such places before, but this seemed our only chance. It was my turn to go in. I borrowed a rebel hat and blouse of Cocklin, expecting to pass myself for a Confederate soldier, but as I entered the porch of the mansion I heard some one cry out, "I'd like to know what you all is g'wan up in dar for? Looking back to the negro quarters, I saw a fat old wench, but thinking best not to mind her, I started for the door; again she called as before. By this time a very old black-man came out of another cabin; I asked him if there were any white folks about. He answered with all the dignity peculiar to their race: "*No sar*, I am de boss of dis plantation." I went to him and told him I wanted to go into his cabin and talk with him. I was anxious to keep out of sight, for we were on a road traveled a great deal by the Johnnies.

I found out in a few moments that they lived there alone. Their masters gave them their freedom when he died. I told my story and what I wanted. Their sympathy was gained and my parents could not have treated me more kindly than they did. The best





they had was freely given. A warm breakfast was quickly prepared, and most assuredly I felt that it was good for me to be there. I told them of my comrades and they gave me a loaf of warm corn bread, some dried beef, sweet cake and molasses to take to them. I engaged too, two loaves of bread, more beef and a lot of parched corn to carry along.

I found the boys very anxious about me; I had been gone a good while, but when I opened my haversack their fears quickly subsided. 'Twas a satisfaction to see those brave fellows eat. New hope inspired them when I told them I had found friends, and had engaged food to carry along sufficient for two days.

After breakfast, we moved up nearer the house to a safer place, then I went in again and got the old negro to come out and tell us about the country. He said we were within thirteen miles of Chainyville, that we would have to wait till night and travel in the road, for the swamp was impassable. We had been through Chainyville, on our way to Tyler, and knew the country to be very swampy, so we followed the old man's advice and laid by till night. The negro had seen Gen. Banks, and gave us a good deal of information about his movements in those parts.

As soon as it was dark we pursued our course; but not without an opportunity of using all the caution and judgment we possessed. We had not gone far till we ran on to a rebel commissary train. To turn back we thought would expose us more than to boldly go ahead. I don't think we were seen by the men; but we met a lady a few rods beyond the train, and in a few minutes after we heard the hounds baying like so many wolves. We thought she had reported us, and





that the hounds were on our track. If boys ever made good time we did for about five miles. About 3 o'clock, A. M., we turned off into the swamps and laid low during the day. The next night we had gone but a short distance when we discovered a large camp fire right on our road. We went near enough to hear them talk and laugh, then went around the camp, coming back into the road again between the camp and the picket post. We did not discover our condition until within a few yards of the picket fire. Our only chance was to turn into the brush again, and a serious time we had. The Palmetto was as high as our shoulders, and woven together by briars. We came the nearest getting lost here that we ever did.

Before morning we came to another camp. The fires extended for miles, or as far as we could see. Again we had to leave the road. After this we thought it safer to leave the roads and travel in the swamps by daylight. This was rough; but we preferred the company of Alligators and serpents to traitors.

Again we were out of rations. We were in a settlement of French, Indians and Creoles, and it was useless to try to get anything of them—it was two days before we obtained anything—then we got corn only, and a less resolute man than C. would not have got that. That afternoon we came out to a very large plantation, and secreted ourselves as near the mansion and quarters as possible. After night C. went into the quarters and tried to get something of the negroes. They were frightened and told him they had nothing for him, and he had better leave, for the overseer came around twice every night to see if all was quiet. He inquired for corn. They told him it was all locked up



and that there were cross dogs about and he could not get any. He succeeded in getting to the cribs and in getting some corn. He brought fifteen ears, and that was all we had for nine days save a wild duck, which we ate raw and without salt.

Our march through the swamps was very tedious—in water most of the time from ankle to waist deep, yet we felt safe. We could not be tracked even by dogs. It was a good time to think of home and its comforts when we had marched hard all day on corn, and had lain down by some muddy bayou for the night which was full of alligators, who sung bass in the grand requiem discoursed to us nightly by a host of mosquitoes. We came to the Atchafalya river in the morning, and were delayed till night before we dared to attempt to cross. Then we made a raft of logs bound together with vines, and at the still hour of midnight we paddled in safety to the opposite shore.

The following day, (Sunday, March 13th,) we arrived at the old channel of the Mississippi, and felt that we had got most home, not knowing that there were two channels, and that the other one was navigated almost exclusively. You can imagine our disappointment when we had waited in vain two long cold and dreary days and nights for a boat to rescue us from our danger and suffering. We could hear the whistle of boats, even see the smoke, and yet none came our way. We suffered most intensely with cold and hunger, and during our waiting here, we eat a raw duck. We tried to kindle a fire by rubbing two pieces of wood together, and succeeded in making a smoke, but were so nearly exhausted that our strength failed us every time before the wood ignited. Tuesday



night we got so weak we dared not go longer without food and fire. We dreaded to go to a house, for there was more danger here than in any place on our march, and to be recaptured in sight of the "promised land" we should have dreaded almost like death, yet there seemed no choice for us. It was my turn to go in, and I assure you that it was with a good many misgivings that I approached the house of an old planter and entered and made known my wants. I found Mr. S—— and his lady sitting by a bright pine-knot fire. I thought of passing myself for a rebel but when I asked for food he looked at me with a keen, searching eye that seemed to read my character, and to try to deceive him seemed like foolishness. So, when he asked me who I was I told I was a Federal soldier, had been taken prisoner and was making my escape, and hoped he would favor me. He gave me a seat at the fire, and after questioning me to his satisfaction, told me he would do me no harm. His kind-hearted lady had ordered the servants to get me supper, and I began to feel quite at ease. After learning where I was from, he says: "Stranger you have not come all this way alone, and where are your comrades?"

I avoided answering till he told me he was neutral on the war question, and that if I had any friends to bring them in and we should all have supper; then he would direct us to a gunboat lying within a mile and a half of there. Again he promised us no harm. I could ask no more, and went to the boys, who were hid in the brush, and told them our prospects.

We had been seated around the fire but a few minutes, when some one hallooed outside at the gate. Mr.





S. went out and we thought at first that we were trapped and were about to go out the back door when he came in and said there were three rebel soldiers come to stay all night, and we must go into the back yard and wait till he brought them into the house, then he would come to us again. We did as he said, and in due time we were eating a good supper in one of the negro quarters, and the lady waited on us. *God bless her, is my prayer.* When we had demolished all the corn bread and bacon cooked, we called for Mr. S. again. She told one of the servants to go in and tell master that misses wants to see him. He came and told us to go one at a time to his shop several rods from the house and he would meet us there. We did so, and had not long to wait his arrival. His first words were, "Boys you are all right now."

He was anxious to talk with us; told how he had been treated by the rebels, said he could take the oath of allegiance any day, but he would not until his property could be protected; told us of men who had taken the oath and were daily aiding the rebels. We found out too that those men who came to stay with him belonged to Gen. Lee's army, and had come to cross the river that night on a secret ferry, but the gunboat was so near they could not, and were waiting a better opportunity. We learned also the man's name who ran the ferry, and that he had taken the oath of allegiance.

Mr. S.'s plantation extended to the river, and he had a wood yard there and a house for his overseer that was unoccupied. He advised us to stay there till morning. We did so, and shortly after day-light we saw our boat. Cary fastened his coat to a pole and



signaled to it. We waited but a few minutes till we saw a cutter lowered and an armed crew coming for us. I will not try to describe our feelings as we stepped on the deck of that "*Linkeum gunboat*." Once more we were free!

Had we been at home we could not have been treated more kindly than we were by those brave officers and men. No pains were spared to make us comfortable. Breakfast was quickly prepared, and you may believe we relished Uncle Sam's coffee and hard tack.

After breakfast we were invited into the cabin and asked to tell of our prison life and escape. While doing so we were loaded down with the best of clothing. I presume what they gave us was worth two hundred dollars.

All those who have been prisoners of war can appreciate our feelings when we had washed and dressed in clean, good clothes.

As soon as we were ready, paper was given us to write home. After we were through writing, Captain Morgan invited us into his own room, and we told him of these men who wanted to cross the ferry; and who it was that ran the ferry. He could hardly believe it. He said that man had been on his boat several times, and they had let him have coffee, sugar and flour, &c. That night they captured the Johnny's boat and were so near upon them that they left all they had with the boat. They got a large mail, a large trunk full of officers' clothing, a nice buggy and revolver. The next morning they went ashore and captured the ferrymen. There were three of them, and one was the man Mr. S. named. We were twenty-two days making our escape, and traveled four hundred miles. Came to the



Mississippi about half way between Morganzia and the mouth of Red river on the 16th day of March. We joined our regiments at Brownsville, Texas, April 15th, feeling well and as if we were at home again.

The following is from a narrative furnished by Abner B. Power, of Company "C:"

"On the night of the 19th of February, 1864, he in company with one Wm. T. Lyons, who professed to belong to the 2nd Kansas cavalry, escaped from the camp near Shreveport, having stinted themselves to the utmost for some time to lay insufficient provisions. They traveled every night, and lay concealed each day till the 22nd. Near morning, about 2 o'clock, A. M., they heard the baying of hounds on their track, and being closely pressed, went to the nearest stable, taking out a horse apiece; but could still hear the dogs till after dark the 22nd, when they out traveled them and heard them no more. The night of the 24th, having ridden from the time they had taken the horses, without sleep. They lay down, and on awaking the horses were gone, no trace of them being found.

Continuing their journey, a foot they presently came to a place where Lyons had once lived, and stayed there several days enjoying clandestinely the hospitality of the people. One night the rebel soldiers had a party in the vicinity, and whilst basking in the smiles of Dixie's daughters, our two heroes entered the stable yard, selected the two finest animals and rode away through the darkness. The rain began falling and froze as it fell. They lost the road, and riding through the dense brush for hours, they got sleepy and would





ride along in a half unconscious state when a sleet-covered limb stark and cold would rake across their faces, bringing them back to rain and cold. They rode hard for many days, not keeping in any direct course long enough to reach our lines. Power and Lyons parted company; as it turned out Lyons had never belonged to our army.

Power continued his travels alone, sometimes a foot sometimes horseback, till the 24th of March, being hard pressed by the hounds and his horse giving out, he was overtaken by the man hunters and returned to camp Ford, Texas, whither the prisoners had been taken during the time he was running at large. The guards that caught him did not ill-treat him in any way, and Power was exchanged with the regiment, July 22d, 1864.





## CHAPTER XI.

The 14th of August 1864, our regiment, except the three companies at Brazos, went aboard the small gulf steamer Josephine, and after a smooth and pleasant ride landed at Fort Barrancas, Fla., which is just inside the entrance of Pensacola Bay. Opposite the heavy gray-stone battlements of Pickens, frowned in sullen loneliness, and for miles around us were swamps filled with trees from the limbs of which swung thousands of pendant vines, evergreens and mosses,—the moss ever present in the south known as Spanish Moss or Death's Banner, hangs flaunting in the shade, while life and death seem locked in close embrace, as gorgeous-hued, budding flowers spring from the rotting *debris* of former vegetation.

Here, our camp was near the beach and in the white sand. Gen. Asboth was in command of the District of West Florida, afterward Gen. Joseph Bailey, who was breveted for building the Red River Dam, and afterward, Gen. McKean of Iowa.

While here, we made frequent expeditions up the various bays and inlets, bringing away logs or brick. The Blackwater and Escambia Bays were most visited.

In these incursions we never lost but one man in action,—Rufus E. Collins, Co. "I," and one drowned,—John J. McIntosh, of Co. "II," whose body was recovered.

On one of these trips a large raft of logs had been collected and was ready to be poled out to the steamer, (that could not come nearer than a half mile on ac-



count of shallow water,) when a force of rebels suddenly burst from the woods and attacked them, when L. Smiley and Luke Osborne of Co. "C" and two others, not known, getting upon the raft took it safely out through a storm of bullets, and the rebels seeing they could not prevent our getting the raft, took leave as quickly as they had come.

The regiment had more comfortable quarters at Barancas than ever before or since. The 6th of December 1864, the gulf steamer Alabama took us aboard in a rain, and we were taken over a rough sea to Fort Gains. From here an expedition went up to Pascagoula, Miss., under Gen. Granger, in person, and in which we participated. The cavalry fought each day, and we were in line very often, sometimes charging toward an enemy that as often was *not there*.

Our greatest source of trouble was the smoke from the pine wood that blackened faces and clothes till we were not distinguishable from a regiment of C. D. A., camped near by. Without a change of clothes for over a month the expedient would have been adopted of lying in *bed* while washing, only there were no beds! so the clothes went unwashed, for January even in lower Mississippi, is rather cool for nature's simplicity.

At last the object of the expedition seemed to have been accomplished, for we returned to Fort Gaines, where was clean clothes, mail and oysters. The oysters we got here were excellent, and very abundant. along the shore many beautiful sea-shells were found, and from the gulf we caught what fish we could use.

The latter part of February, troops began to gather on Dauphine Island and on the main land opposite Mobile Point. From that time till the middle of



March both troops and supplies continued to arrive daily, and heavy fatigue details from our regiment worked day and night unloading the commissary stores that came in.

The 29th of February, the 19th crossed the bay to Fort Morgan where the remainder of our brigade had been all the time. Here at Navy Cove we had inspections till everything was in apple pie order, and on the 17th of March we moved out for Mobile, with a train of over a hundred wagons following the point around the bay.

The 1st brigade 2d division, composed of the 20th Wisconsin, 94th Ills., 19th, and 23d Iowa, took the advance and acted as pioneers. The country was very low and swampy, and after the first two days we had heavy rains, and the roads that never were solid were in an almost impassable state. We built Corduroy roads through miles of swamp, the water standing knee deep and the mud sinking down as much further. In some places where the roads appeared comparatively solid, the artillery would suddenly sink down, the horses being so fagged out they were utterly unable to pull the guns through. Then the wet, cold infantry with knapsacks strapped on would take hold and drag the guns and cassions for hours, the horses being removed.

Thus we toiled on till the evening of the 21st, when Danly's Landing on Fish River was reached. Here we found A. J. Smith with the 16th Army Corps, they having come up the river on transports. Crossing the river on a pontoon bridge, we camped on the opposite bank and rested, doing nothing but erect a strong line of works around the whole encampment.







On the 25th, the whole army moved out toward Mobile by different roads. Bertram' Brigade 2d Division, 13th Army Corps, brought up the extreme left, our road winding along the bay. That day and the succeeding one, we advanced with no opposition that the cavalry could not overcome, and the evening of the 26th, found us on a hill one mile from Spanish Fort, which was built at the mouth of the Tensas River. Just below our regiment, was a hollow and a small stream spanned by a bridge, which we had to cross. Some of our cavalry rode over it that evening and several torpedoes exploded, killing some horses and seriously injuring some men. Nine torpedoes were taken out that evening from around the bridge, and after we had passed over many more were dug up. On the morning of the 27th, we turned back seemingly, and were marched over the part of the road most plainly visible from the fort, going in the direction of the extreme right till some three miles from where we had camped, we again turned, and going through hollows and by obscure ways reached the bridge by nine o'clock, and crossing we moved cautiously forward for a half mile then formed in line of battle and advanced in line with Cos. "A," "F" and "D," as skirmishers.

They were soon engaged, and Cos. "G" and "B" were added to them. Rising over the brow of a hill the fort was in plain view, and between it and our line the timber had all been felled.

\* We could see the men at their guns on the side of the Fort next to us; they were standing at their guns. Our regiment left the standing timber and advanced to withing about nine hundred yards of the Fort,



where Col. Bruce ordered, "*Fix Bayonets*" we were amazed for a moment, thinking a charge was meditated, and no other men were in sight; but a moment and the command "*Stuck Arms*" relieved our minds. Out of fallen logs and an old fence near by, the men hurried to construct a breastwork, and then the rebels seeing we were going to advance no closer, reserved their fire no longer, but opened out five or six guns on our line of five Companies, (the other five were yet closer but lay behind logs and shot.)

If men ever worked, we did. Logs that in cooler moments a score of me would have hesitated to attempt to move were lifted by a half dozen and flung to their proper place in the growing defense.

At every discharge of their cannon we fell flat on our faces, the pieces of bursting shells flying thickly around. Here several of our number were wounded by shells. In a half hour a very good protection was afforded by our logs and earth. During this whole march a shovel and axe to twelve men were carried by the men so we had them when needed. Company "F," 1st Missouri Light Artillery brought two pieces up to our line and did good work. Capt. Faust of the Battery is one of the best officers we ever met. He kept his guns firing rapidly for two hours, when we were ordered forward again and the distance was one half. Still no other force had come up, and the skirmishers in front were hard pressed. On a hill off to the right and where a good view could be had, both of our line and the fort, Gen. Granger stood with Col. Bertram, commander of our Brigade, and Col. Glasgow, of the 23d Iowa.



They seeing our line were in doubt about what it was ; but soon knew the 19th by Col. Bruce's black horse and the Adjutant's *mule*. This advanced position we held till evening. A rain fell all afternoon, and it seemed as though a second Joshua was near, for if time ever hung heavily, it was from four o'clock till dark. But night did come, and the 20th Wisconsin and ourselves under her friendly cover erected a strong line of works the full length of both regiments. Each day the rifle pits were full of sharpshooters, and each night our lines contracted around the Fort.

During the afternoon of the 27th, while Colonel Bruce was walking along the line, he was struck by a spent ball and fell, calling out for Capt. Roderick ; but in a short time finding his leg had only been stunned by the ball, he continued to go round among the men to cheer and courage them.

I do not think I ever saw a man who could forget *himself* and personal in his duties as an officer, and his care for the men so completely, as did Col. Bruce. I would not do my duty to the regiment, did I fail to express their sense of gratitude to our revered Chaplain, Rev. J. D. Sands. His kind manners, his good example and influence, and not *least* his noble behavior in the attack and siege of Spanish Fort, all entitle him to the high place he holds in our affections. . He shared the danger of the very front and advance, and his manly bearing in action, and his womanly tenderness to the wounded would extort *praise* from the most unwilling, how much then would it gain our *love*. At times during the siege, the rebel guns would all open, and seem inspired with the frenzy of despair ; but after a time we planted quite a number of siege





guns and mortars, which could silence them at any time. The rebels had some mortars which used to keep us on the watch. They dropped down amongst us sometimes with no warning, yet we had but few men hurt by them.

One day an old boat with no engine on, but laden with hospital and Quartermaster's stores, getting loose from its fastenings at the Fort's landing, floated down opposite our trenches, lodging against the spiles driven in to impede our gunboats, and that night Colonel McNulta with some others went out to it and set fire to the inside. It soon burned down to the water's edge.

On the night of April the 8th, the exertions of our forces were crowned with success, for the Fort was evacuated by the main part of the rebels, a few hundred staying in the trenches. While in the trenches one of our bravest and most effective sharp-shooters was "Colonel Joe"—a colored man of about twenty years of age—Joe Stewart, who was Col. Bruce's servant. He was in the advance pits all the time, and when at last through his rashness, Joe was struck by a ball in the head, and the boys hearing how badly he was hurt, were unanimous in their expressions of sorrow, and seemed well pleased when he was taken to the hospital and cared for.

On our extreme right, the 8th Iowa, under Lieut. Col. Bell, in a brigade commanded by Col. Jas. Geddes of the 8th, quietly slipped around the part of the rebel line next the river, and the first intimation the rebels had of it they were inside their works. Yet they had a fight for the mastery, ending in the capture of five hundred and thirty-five enlisted men and twenty-six officers. The troops mostly went on to Blakely,





but our brigade remained at Spanish Fort doing guard duty and gathering up the scattered munitions of war. Forty-six pieces were captured. The front of the Fort was protected by innumerable torpedoes and an abattis. Companies "A," "B" and "K" were sent to Ship Island with the prisoners under Maj. Jordan, and the remainder of the regiment went into camp.

The following is a list of our killed and wounded at Spanish Fort, Alabama :

Co. A—Killed, 1st Serg't J. Henry Schroeder.

" Wounded, Priv. Ben. F. Goodwin.

Co. B—Killed, Corporal Geo. Majors.

" Wounded, Priv. Thos. Washburne, in head.

" " " Abram Colburn, in leg.

" " " John T. Hooper, in neck.

" " " Martin L. Byrkit.

Co. D—Wounded, Corp. Jesse Fisk, Color Guard, in leg—amputated.

Co. D—Wounded, Corp. John H. Leagle, severely.

Co. E— " " Ed. Smith, in thigh.

" " " Wm. Walker, Color Guard, in leg—severely.

Co. E—Killed, Private Jas. E. Montgomery.

Co. F—Wounded, Priv. Cicero Thomas, in bowels—since died.

Co. G—Wounded, Corp. Isham Thomas, in arm.

" " Priv. John E. Sprague, in side.

Co. H— " " Ed. P. Taylor, in shoulder.

" " " Joseph Paxton, in foot—amputated.

Co. H— " " Joseph Mort, in back.

" " " Silas Langford.

Co. I—Killed, Corporal Wm. Holiday.



Co. K—Wounded, Priv. Alfred Huddleston, in thigh.

The location of our camp here, was both healthy and beautiful, and we remained till May in it. We found many skiffs and enjoyed the rare pleasure of hunting alligators along the swampy edges of Texas river. Many of the scaly monsters were killed and towed in to the wharf as tokens of our prowess, and many more were wounded but escaped.

One night a small shell was thrown into the camp-fire and exploded, seriously wounding eight or ten of Companies "A" and "K;" Corporal Thos. Pritchard of Company "K" and Sergeant Jasper Mason of Company "A" so badly that they were discharged.

While laying at Spanish Fort, the news of Lee's surrender reached us, and from our cannon was sent forth peal after peal of victory and rejoicing, while from many glad hearts ascended thanks to Him who had brought us through our fiery trial. But the jubilant echoes of our guns had not yet died among the hills around Mobile Bay, when up the Bay steamed a vessel bearing the sorrowful tidings of the assassination of President Lincoln, and we were dumb with grief. When the heart is cleft to the core, there is no speech or language.



## AN INVOCATION.

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Written at "Spanish Fort," Ala., April 14th, 1865.

BY THOS. S. BELL.

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Weep, weep, Oh! Nation, in sorrow and sadness,  
The requiem blend with thy songs of gladness;  
The Bay and Immortelle together be wreathed,  
The sigh and the Pean together be breathed,—  
The "Veil of our Temple" hath been rudely rended,  
And the dread Angel's wings o'er its portal extended,—  
The great and the good are stricken before us,  
And the gloom of sorrow is darkening o'er us.

O! let us bow meekly, not with repining,  
For lo! through the darkness glad rays are shining,  
And He who "chastens those whom He loveth,"  
Fearfully thus His Providence proveth.  
Then waken, Oh! people, from sadness and sorrow,  
The bright rays of joy will gladden the morrow,  
Though we have sinned as a people and nation,  
We have suffered fearfully in expiation.

But list, thro' the darkness that veileth our vision,  
Freedom and Peace come from the Elysian,  
Saying "Peace upon Earth, good will to all men,"  
The people responding, "Amen, and Amen."  
Ascribing all honor and praise unto God,  
Who hath laid on our nation His chastening rod,  
And thro' the broad earth the loud anthem swell,  
Blessed be "He who doth all things well."





## CHAPTER XII.

From Spanish Fort we went to Fort Gaines and remained several weeks, doing a great deal of heavy fatigue duty. We had good quarters and drilled none but watched and waited for word of mustering out. But when at last we did move, it was to Mobile, where we stayed some time. The people of the city were bitter and did not seem to feel that they were conquered. They abused the negroes, both citizen and soldier, but were properly punished for it by Gen. Andrews, who on the refusal of the people of Mobile to unite with the Federal soldiery in the celebration of the Fourth of July, allowed the colored population the sole and exclusive use of the City Park. Their meeting was orderly and well conducted; most of the disturbances that occurred, originated with some of the evil disposed citizens.

Here we were mustered out, and the recruits were transferred to the 29th Iowa Infantry. After several days waiting for a boat, we were put aboard the *White Cloud*, a dilapidated old river steamer, and when we went on board we found two other regiments already on, making it quite crowded. But when the men found the Quartermaster was bringing a lot of mules and horses aboard they put them off, and finally when it was found to be impossible to make our regiment allow the mules aboard, we were ordered back into camp, where for several days more we lay and meditated on the folly of getting in a passion. We did at last go aboard a gulf steamer and were kept waiting



at the wharf for hours, and just as she was ready to shove out, one boiler burst, and another night was passed lying in nooks and corners of the wharves.

The Landis took us at last and we soon were out of sight of the inhospitable shores of Mobile. That night we knew the first time the thrill that is felt at the cry, "man overboard." A rebel on his way home in New Orleans, had fallen overboard. The boat put back, and moved slowly around in a circle, growing less and less to the spot where he was last seen, but he was not found.

At New Orleans we were not delayed an hour, but started at once on the R. J. Lockwood.

We left at Mobile Captains Sommerville and Powell, and 1st Lieut. Bonnell, to answer for our sins the day the mules were put off. They were detained some time, but lost no pay and were found guilty of no offence.

On our upward journey we passed our Morganzia and Vicksburg, taking our last look at them gladly. When Cairo was reached the steamboat was left for the cars, and we were on northern soil again. Our ride through Illinois seemed like a triumphal march, so many and such hearty greetings did we receive. From every house were waved flags and handkerchiefs, while many a tongue and eye gave us welcome.

At Davenport we were met at the depot by the citizens of the place, who gave us a brief but warm reception, and we were taken at once to Camp McClellan where we found other regiments waiting for discharge and final payment. The evening of our arrival, Governor Stone made us a kind and genial speech, which satisfied all that we would be delayed as little as possible.



The 1st of August, we were no longer an organization, and fast as pay was received, the men were off for home. Ere we were disbanded, however, Col. Bruce issued a farewell address, which I give in full, because so noble an utterance is well worth preserving :

HEADQUARTERS, 19TH IOWA INF. VOLS., }  
DAVENPORT, IOWA, JULY 31st, 1865. }

*Fellow Soldiers—Officers and men of the 19th Reg. Iowa Vols. Infantry :*

On the eve of our separation it is, perhaps, no more than proper that I should address to you a few parting words.

We have been together for three long eventful years—years of surprising interest in the history of our country, and of the world. Inspired by a common patriotic impulse, we joined hands on the altar of our Country and common sufferings. Sacrifices and dangers have united us in the affectionate memory of the heart.

You have borne yourselves well in the great struggle. No commanding officer has ever spoken of you otherwise than in commendation for your gallant services. You have endured with patience and fortitude the hardships and dangers to which you have been exposed ; you have cheerfully performed every duty required of you, whether on the field of battle or in the pauses of the conflict.

You return from the victorious fields of the Republic, conscious of having done your part in bearing aloft the banner of your Country's Nationality, and planting it upon every hill and valley throughout the land. You will receive the congratulations of your friends, and a grateful country will not forget your services.

Go, then, my comrades, put off the panoply of war, and enter the pursuits of peaceful industry ; prove yourselves good citizens, as you have good soldiers. Forget not the principles for which you have victoriously contended, and for preserved life, health and good government, forget not the debt of gratitude due to Almighty God. With the most profound sentiments of respect for the memories of our honored dead, and the liveliest feelings of kindly regard for all who have survived, I bid you, comrades all, farewell.

I part from your command without the consciousness of one unkind feeling toward any one of you. God bless you, and grant you long life and health. May home soon gladden your eyes and cheer your hearts. And may domestic happiness meet you smiling at your gates.

JOHN BRUCE,  
Lieut. Col. 19th Iowa Vols.





## CHAPTER XIII.

Glancing over a paper, I see "the Wirz commission re-assembled yesterday; but owing to the indisposition of the prisoner adjourned without transacting any business." And I think of prison pens full of men, good and true, whose

"Wretched lives are full of pain,  
Wild agonies of nerve and brain;  
And every heart-beat, every breath,  
Is a convulsion worse than death."

Indisposition! Then, too, thoughts come of the hours spent in damp close Southern jails, when life seemed a burden; and often floated through my mind the words Longfellow puts into the Abbot's mouth:

"Slowly, slowly up the wall  
Steals the sunshine, steals the shade,  
Evening damps begin to fall,  
Evening shadows are displayed.  
Darker shadows, deeper rest,  
Underneath and overhead.  
Darker, darker, and more wan,  
In my breast the shadows fall;  
Upward steals the life of man,  
As the sunshine from the wall."

\* \* \* \* \*

Sitting here, my mind wanders Southward where, in many an unmarked grave, in dreary wood or lonely valley, lie our heroes, who are not forgotten in their nameless graves; but live in our hearts as models, heroic christian patriots. From their ashes how can spring aught else than noble inspirations, love of God and our Country. Philosophy says the lightest foot-fall of every child jars this earth to its center. If, then,





it takes but such a trifle to move a sphere, we may be sure that the life and death of such men, will move a nation to a deeper and holier love of the principles for which they died; and may all prejudices be written as on the *sand* that the *waves of time* may wash over them, and they may be forgotten. And let the thoughts of our fallen brothers that linger in our memory, quicken our love for the good and the beautiful in our government, even to the end.



## CHAPTER XIV.

*Dates of Death, Discharge or Transfer of each man.*

Col. B. Crabb, discharged, Springfield, Mo., March 16th, 1863.

Lieut. Col. Kent, discharged, New Orleans, La., March 9th, 1864.

Lieut. J. H. Downing, Quartermaster, died at Springfield, Mo., October 19th, 1862.

Major Philip Harvey, Surgeon, transferred May 20th, 1863.

D. A. Hurst, Assistant Surgeon, discharged, Forsyth February 26th, 1863.

Dennis Murphy, chaplain, transferred to 4th U. S. C. I., New Orleans, March 23d, 1864.

Capt. John M. Wood, discharged, Fort Gaines, Alabama, March 11th, 1865.

Capt. T. H. Stanton, promoted.

Lieut. E. O. Woodford, discharged, New Orleans, La., September 21st, 1863.

Capt. Joshua Wright, discharged, March 12th, 1863.

Capt. Wm. S. Brooks, promoted to Lieut. Col. 3d Arkansas colored August 1st, 1863.

Lieut. Harrison Smith, discharged Aug. 23d, 1863.

Capt. Wm. Adams, died, New Orleans, La., Aug. 10th, 1864.

Lieut. W. H. Gill, discharged, Vicksburg, July 8th, 1863.

Lieut. S. B. Guernsey, promoted to Lieut. Col. 4th U. S. C. I. October, 1863.

Lieut. Wm. Walker, discharged, Brownsville, Texas, Aug. 1st, '64.

Capt. John Bird, discharged, Forsyth, Mo., June 6th, 1863.

Capt. T. W. Richmond, discharged, Aug. 23d, 1863.

Lieut. Walter Ferguson, discharged, Feb. 26th, 1863.

Capt. S. E. Paine, discharged, April 1st, 1863.

Lieut. A. C. Payne, discharged, November, 1862.

Lieut. Henry H. Martin, discharged, Aug. 12th, 1863.

Lieut. Richard Root, promoted to Major 8th Iowa cavalry.

Lieut. Wm. Murphy, discharged, Fort Gaines, Ala., May 25th, '65.

Wm. Harrison, Q. M. S., discharged to accept 2nd Lieut in U. S.

C. H. A., May 9th, 1865.

F. A. Hitchcock, C. S., discharged, Aug. 1st, 1863.



## COMPANY "A."

Serg't Hiram Ethridge, discharged, Fayetteville, Arkansas, March 20th, 1863.

Corp. Bruce W. Cotton, discharged, Carrollton, Ark., Jan. 16th, '63.

" E. A. Dickey, discharged, Forsyth, Mo., March 16th, 1863.

Priv. Fred Parks, died, Fort Gaines, Ala., March 10th, 1865.

" John T. Adell, died at New Orleans hospital, Aug. 22d, '63.

" B. E. Andrews, discharged, by order of President Lincoln, February, 1864.

Priv. Andrew Coulter, transferred to Brass Band of 2nd Brig., 2nd Division, 13th Army Corps.

Priv. Lewis N. Beucler, discharged, St. Louis, Mo., Jan. 29th, '63.

" Wm. B. Baltzell, died of wound, Springfield, Mo., April 30th, 1863.

Priv. James M. Coleman.

" Joseph Chilton, discharged, Springfield, Mo., Feb. 29th, '63.

" Jacob Frederick, transferred to V. R. C., Aug. 1st, 1863.

" Robt. A. Hawthorne, discharged, Springfield, Mo., Dec. 8th, 1862.

Priv. Otto Holstéin, dismissed by order of Gen. Herron, November 2nd, 1862.

Priv. J. H. Hoffman, died, New Orleans, March 14th, 1864.

" Harrison Jones, transferred to V. R. C., Jan. 15th, 1864.

" Philip Jones, transferred to V. R. C., March 15th, 1864.

Corp. C. H. Judd, discharged, Barrancas, Fla., Sept. 28th, 1864.

Priv. John W. Lyon, discharged, Springfield, Mo., April 28th, '63.

" Thos. Laughery, transferred to V. R. C., Aug. 1st, 1863.

" W. H. McVeigh, died, Carrollton, La., Oct. 16th, 1863.

" John Mitchell, died, Port Hudson, La., Aug. 10th, 1863.

" Wm. Paine, discharged, Springfield, Mo., Feb. 27th, 1863.

" Norman Sortwell, discharged, Springfield, Mo., Oct. 5th, '63.

" John Sammons, drowned, Forsyth, Mo., March 1st, 1863.

" David Wise, discharged, Springfield, Mo., Dec. 8th, 1862.

" A. Yeardley, died, New Orleans, La., March 19th, 1865.

## COMPANY "B."

Priv. Joseph McMurray, died of wounds received at Prairie Grove, Arkansas, Dec. 8th, 1862.

Priv. Wm. McCormick, died of wounds received at Prairie Grove, Fayetteville, Ark., Dec. 18th, 1862.

Priv. Robt Howard, died at Fayetteville, Jan. 6th, 1863.





Priv. John McMorrow, died, Springfield, Mo., March 31st, 1863.

" Ellis B. Jones, died near Vicksburg, Miss., July 2nd, 1863.

" Thos. W. Titus, died at Port Hudson, La., Aug. 12th, 1863.

" Louis Heald, died on steamer "Raymond," Aug. 13th, 1863.

Serg't Albert M. Roth, died, Memphis, Tenn., Aug. 15th, 1863.

Priv. Wm. H. Hooper, died at New Orleans, La., Feb. 19th, 1864.

" John D. Ottman, died at Brownsville, Texas, April 27th, '64.

" A. J. Ashbrook, died at Brownsville, Texas, June 15th, '64.

" T. S. Stanford, died at Brownsville, Texas, July 10th, 1864.

" Harvey M. Manning, died at Barrancas, Fla., Dec. 6th, 1864.

" A. F. Dudley, died, New Orleans, Soldiers' Home, February 3d, 1865.

Priv. David Heald, died, Vicksburg, Miss., July, 1863.

" David Rock, discharged, St. Louis, Mo., Jan. 4th, 1863.

" R. D. Rowland, discharged, St. Louis, Mo., Jan. 27th, 1863.

" Wm. M. Hall, discharged at Benton Barracks, Mo., January 29th, 1863.

Priv. L. J. Allen, discharged, Springfield, Mo., Jan. 30th, 1863.

" Joseph Jenkins, discharged, Benton Barracks, Mo., January 24th, 1863.

Corp. R. H. Dickson, discharged, Benton Barracks, Mo., February 11th, 1863.

Priv. Howard A. Straight, discharged, Springfield, Mo., Feb. 12th, 1863.

Priv. Davis Driscoll, discharged, Springfield, Mo., Feb 3d, 1863.

Serg't Joseph D. Rambo, discharged, Fayetteville, Arkansas, March 25th, 1863, to accept commission.

Priv. John D. Orrick, discharged, Springfield, Mo., March, 18th, '63,

" John G. Snook, discharged, Springfield, Mo., March 8th, '63.

" Daniel Harter, discharged, Springfield, Mo., March 21st, '63.

" Henry Fowler, discharged, Springfield, Mo., Feb. 28th, '63.

Corp. Daniel F. McLean, discharged, Springfield, Mo., March 8th, 1863.

Priv. F. M. Byrkit, promoted to Pay Master Clerk, Sept. 20th, '63.

" Lewis M. Hams, discharged, New Orleans, La., Feb. 19th, '64.

" Theo. S. Waters, discharged, New Orleans, La., Jan. 9th, '64.

" Jas. W. Scott, discharged, June 29th, 1863.

" Samuel Garber, discharged, Brownsville, Texas, June 15th, 1864.

Priv. John W. Henderson, discharged, Fort Gaines, Ala., Feb. 8th, 1865.



Priv. James Walkup,\* discharged, by order of President Lincoln, Spanish Fort, Ala., April 4th, 1865.

Priv. Abraham Colburn, discharged, Greenville, La., May 27th, '65.

" David H. Lewis, discharged, New Orleans, La., May 29th, '65.

## COMPANY "C."—DIED.

Priv. J. G. Bowman, Springfield, Mo., Nov. 5th, 1862.

" Elias Worthington, Springfield, Mo., Nov. 26th, 1862.

" L. W. Carson, Ozark, Mo., Dec. 8th, 1862.

" Geo. W. Stultzs, drowned at Forsyth, Mo., March 13th, 1863.

" Aaron Abbott, Forsyth, Mo., March 11th, 1863.

Priv. Richard H. Lewis, New Orleans, La., Oct. 16th, 1863.

" David M. Gilleland, of wounds, Washington, Iowa, Oct. 25th, 1863.

Priv. Amos Helwick, Brownsville, Texas, April 3d, 1864.

" Wm. McConahay, New Orleans, La., July 23d, 1864.

Corp. Robt. M. Glasgow, Vicksburg, Miss., Jan. 29th, 1865.

## DISCHARGED.

Priv. M. G. Davidson, Springfield, Mo. Dec. 10th, 1862.

Serg't Thos. McGannon, Prairie Grove, Ark., Dec. 24th, 1862.

Priv. Udolphus Johnson, Springfield, Mo., Feb. 11th, 1863.

" N. Hesseltine, Forsyth, Mo., Feb. 14th, 1863.

Serg't Shep. Farnsworth, St. Louis, Mo. Feb. 18th, 1863.

Priv. Cyrus Condit, Springfield, Mo., March 18th, 1863.

Corp. Wm. A. Bailey, Color Guard, Springfield, Mo., March 25th, 1863.

Priv. S. C. Limbocker, Carrollton, La., Oct. 15th, 1863.

Priv. Wm. Blair, Forsyth, Mo., April 7th, 1863.

Priv. J. Rankin Doig, for promotion, Brownsville, Texas, Oct. 30th, 1863.

Serg't Wm. R. Jeffrey, Springfield, Mo., Nov. 2d, 1863.

Priv. John Wilson, New Orleans, La., Jan. 9th, 1864.

" Geo. Maier, New Orleans, La., Jan. 31st, 1865.

Serg't Augustine Robinette, for promotion, Brownsville, Texas, May 7th, 1864.

Priv. Joseph Skinner, Fort Gaines, Ala., June 2d, 1865.

" W. W. Kendall, New Orleans, La., June 5th, 1865.

" Andrew McCampbell, Fort Gaines, Ala., June 14th, 1865.

" Nicholas Wilkin, Fort Gaines, Ala., June 14th, 1865.

" Wm. J. Lewis, Mound City, Ill., June 16th, 1865.

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\*Released to his family on account of the death of his father.



## TRANSFERRED.

Priv. Noah Southard, to Veteran Reserve Corps, Jan. 16th, 1864.

Serg't A. H. Young, V. R. C., May 1st, 1864.

Priv. Wm. Lee, V. R. C., Jan. 10th, 1865.

## COMPANY "D"—DIED.

Priv. Lewis Clark, Springfield, Mo., Oct. 20th, 1862.

" J. T. Ball near Prairie Grove, Ark., of wound, Dec. 9th, '62.

Serg't S. W. Gregg, of wound, Fayetteville, Ark., Jan. 4th, 1863.

Priv. Lemuel West, Springfield, Mo., Dec. 12th, 1862.

" Wm. Scott, Dec. 18th, 1862.

" W. C. Teagarden, of wound received at Springfield, Feb. 3d, 1863.

Priv. John E. Vaness, Brownsville, Texas, Dec. 26th, 1863.

" Adam Stump, New Orleans, La., July 29th, 1864.

" John Huddleston, New Orleans, La., Aug. 6th, 1864.

## DISCHARGED.

Priv. J. J. Waechter, St. Louis, Mo., Jan. 31st, 1863.

" Seborn Ford, Springfield, Mo., Feb. 13th, 1863.

" Geo. W. Wright, Springfield, Mo., Feb. 13th, 1863.

Serg't W. M. Campbell, Springfield, Mo., March 1th, 1863.

Priv. David Poffinbarger, Springfield, Mo., March 8th, 1863.

" Samuel Plymire, Springfield, Mo., March 8th, 1863.

Corp. Jacob Burris, Springfield, Mo., March 9th, 1863.

Priv. Samuel Burris, Springfield, Mo., March 10th, 1863.

" J. M. Wright, Springfield, Mo., March 16th, 1863.

" Henry D. Williams, Springfield, Mo., March 17th, 1863.

" Wm. H. Eller, Springfield, Mo., March 28th, 1863.

" Geo. McCrary, Springfield, Mo., March 25th, 1863.

" Leander Powelson, Springfield, Mo., April 20th, 1863.

" John H. Webb, Springfield, April 29th, 1863.

" Wm. F. Davis, Forsyth, Mo., Feb. 14th, 1863.

Corp. Wm. L. Lindley, St. Louis, Mo., Jan. 21st, 1863.

Priv. Thos. E. Schooley, St. Louis, Mo., Feb. 9th, 1863.

" P. R. Lilly, St. Louis, Mo., Jan. 26th, 1863.

" Wm. Milliken, St. Louis, Mo., March 21st, 1863.

Corp. Wm. H. Jacques, St. Louis, Mo., May 3d, 1864.

Priv. Wm. H. Lewis, Forsyth, Mo., March 15th, 1863.

Serg't Geo. W. Robinson, Lebanon, Mo., March 19th, 1863.

Priv. A. J. Lewis, Carrollton, La., Oct. 14th, 1863.





Priv. Hugh Scott, Carrollton, La., Oct. 14th, 1863.

" Jacob Garber, Feb. 14, 1864.

" David Walkup, New Orleans, La., March 14th, 1864.

Serg't Wm. Robinson, promoted to C. D. A., May 3d, 1864.

" C. A. Campbell, promoted to C. D. A., May 3d, 1864.

Priv. Jonathan Carson, Keokuk, Iowa, Feb. 1st, 1865.

" John B. Smith, New Orleans, La., Sept. 14th, 1864.

Serg't Evin F. Cowger, Mobile, Ala., July 1865.

#### TRANSFERRED.

Priv. Samuel Henderson, V. R. C. Sept. 16th, 1863.

" B. G. Booten, V. R. C., Jan. 1st, 1865.

#### COMPANY "E"—DEATHS.

Priv. John Starkey, Springfield, Mo., Oct. 26th, 1862.

" Edwin Everett, Springfield, Mo., Dec. 8th, 1862.

" Mathew L. Robinson, Springfield, Mo., Dec. 15th, 1862.

" Wm. H. Semple, St. Louis, Mo., Jan. 14th, 1863.

" John H. Mallett, Fayetteville, Ark., Dec. 31st, 1862.

" C. C. Hoskins, Forsyth, Mo., March 19th, 1863.

" E. Pennington, Forsyth, Mo. March 27th, 1863.

Corp. Elisha Ricketts, Port Hudson, La., Aug. 4th, 1863.

" John Cochrane, Brownsville, Texas, Jan. 19th, 1864.

Priv. Samuel W. Campbell, Fayetteville, Ark. Dec. 20th, 1862.

" Milton Thompson, New Orleans, La., Aug. 1st, 1864.

" Eugene F. Clewell, New Orleans, La., Sept. 5th, 1864.

" C. E. Liddle, New Orleans, La., Jan. 29th, 1865.

#### DISCHARGED.

Serg't Chas. E. Gibbs, Fayetteville, promoted Dec. 16th, 1862.

Corp. James M. Layton, Springfield, Mo., Feb. 7th, 1863.

" Wm. C. Houghland, Springfield, Mo., Feb. 12th, 1863.

Priv. Cullen Angel, Springfield, Mo., March 25th, 1863.

" Chas. Nave, Springfield, Mo., Feb. 5th, 1863.

" Wm. J. Smalley, Springfield, Mo., Feb. 13th, 1863.

" C. M. Smalley, Springfield, Mo., Feb. 24th, 1863.

" Chas. Martin, Keokuk, Iowa, Feb. 26th, 1863.

" Adam Eckhart, Springfield, Mo., March, 13th, 1863.

" Wm. C. Kent, Springfield, Mo., March 14th, 1863.

" Edmund Mallett, Springfield, Mo., March 14th, 1863.

" S. B. Bricker, Springfield, Mo., April 29th, 1863.

" John A. Peasley, Springfield, Mo., May 14th, 1863.





- Priv. J. R. McKaig, Springfield, Mo., May 18th, 1863.  
 " S. M. Scott, New Orleans, La., April 4th, 1864.  
 Corp. J. W. McClure, Barrancas, Fla., Oct. 7th, 1864.  
 Serg't Geo. W. Hardwick, Davenport, Iowa, May 9th, 1865.  
 Priv. Wm. Lyon, Fort Gaines, Ala., June 1st, 1865.

## COMPANY "F"—DIED.

- Priv. Samuel Dalzell, Crane Creek, Mo., Nov. 9th, 1862.  
 " Nicholas Miller, Springfield, Mo., Nov. 17th, 1862.  
 Serg't Thos. D. Chapman, Fayetteville, Ark., Dec. 17th, 1862.  
 " Wm. A. Hall, Fayetteville, Ark., Dec. 18th, 1862.  
 Priv. Martin Blair, Fayetteville, Ark., Dec. 22nd, 1862.  
 " John W. Littleton, Fayetteville, Ark., Dec. 18th, 1862.  
 Corp. Chas. F. Morris, Fayetteville, Ark., Dec. 22nd, 1862.  
 Priv. Noah Littleton, Drowned, Forsyth, Mo., March 1st, 1863.  
 " Joseph F. Wagner, Springfield, Mo., March 10th, 1863.  
 " John H. Hines, Springfield, Mo., Dec. 5th, 1862.  
 Corp. H. E. Griswold, Springfield, Mo., March 3d, 1863.  
 Priv. W. H. McDaniel, Fayetteville, Ark., March 13th, 1863.  
 " Thos. K. Brown, Carrollton, La., Sept. 2nd, 1863.  
 " Samuel Rathfon, Vicksburg, Miss., Nov. 13th, 1863.  
 " F. M. Maxon, at home, Sept. 18th, 1863.  
 " Calvin Michner, Carrollton, La., Sept. 3d, 1863.  
 " Chas. E. Carpenter, New Orleans, La., Oct. 12th, 1863.  
 " John H. Hegger, Shreveport, La., Jan. 19th, 1864.

## DISCHARGED.

- Priv. Wm. A. Helmick, St. Louis, Mo., Jan. 24th, 1863.  
 " John Hines, St. Louis, Mo., Feb. 9th, 1863.  
 Corp. Wm. Holland, Springfield, Mo., Feb. 24th, 1863.  
 Priv. John A. Brubaker, Springfield, Mo., Feb. 26th, 1863.  
 " John C. Presbery, Springfield, Mo., Feb. 6th, 1863.  
 " Alex. Miller, Springfield, Mo., Feb. 6th, 1863.  
 " Thos. B. Morris, Springfield, Mo., Feb. 13th, 1863.  
 " Madison G. Chapman, Springfield, Mo., Feb. 3d, 1863.  
 " John E. Sprague, St. Louis, Mo., Feb. 1st, 1863.  
 " Henry C. Pike, Springfield, Mo., March 20th, 1863.  
 " M. S. Lesnet, Springfield, Mo., March 27th, 1863.  
 " Joseph Higbee, Springfield, Mo., April 4th, 1863.  
 " W. C. Chapman, St. Louis, Mo., March, 24th, 1863.  
 " Joseph Story, Springfield, Mo., April 21st, 1863.  
 " John Strange, New Orleans, La., Feb. 10th, 1863.



- Priv. Eugene Allison, New Orleans, La., Jan. 31st, 1864.  
" Wm. C. Stewart, New Orleans, La., May 22nd, 1865.  
" Chas. E. Knight, St. Louis, Mo., May 16th, 1865.  
" Aaron C. Scull, Fort Gaines, Ala., June 2nd, 1865.  
Corp. Isaac C. Freeland, Fort Gaines, Ala., June 16th, 1865.  
Fifer Elisha Dobbs, Springfield, Mo., May 23d, 1865.  
Priv. Milton Gamble, New Orleans, La., May 23d, 1865.  
" John Smice, Fort Gaines, Ala., June 16th, 1865.

## TRANSFERRED.

- Corp. Chas. R. Potter, V. R. C. Jan. 16th, 1864.  
Serg't Henry Thompson, V. R. C., April 10th, 1864.  
Priv. Wm. C. Hunt, Brigade Brass Band, June 29th, 1864.  
" Geo. M. Bell, Brigade Band, June 29th, 1864.

## COMPANY "G"—DIED.

- Priv. Thos. Knipes, St. Louis, Mo., Sept. 6th, 1862.  
" Thos. Ogden, Crane Creek, Mo., Nov. 8th, 1862.  
" Edward Freyer, Springfield, Mo., Nov. 8th, 1862.  
Corp. Wm. Payton, Prairie Grove, Ark., of wound, Dec. 10th, '62.  
Priv. Geo. Gillmore, Springfield, Mo., Dec. 18th, 1862.  
Serg't B. W. Huff, Fayetteville, Ark., of wound, Jan. 6th, 1863.  
Priv. Squire McGraw, Springfield, Mo., Feb. 12th, 1863.  
" Jeremiah Helmick, Fayetteville, Ark., Jan. 15th, 1863.  
" Chas. Dodder, drowned, Forsyth, Mo., March 1st, 1863.  
" Joel W. Wyman, Springfield, Mo., April 19th, 1863.  
" Merrit P. Higby, Barrancas, Fla., Oct., 15th, 1864.  
" James Cowgill, Barrancas, Fla., Dec. 5th, 1864.

## DISCHARGED.

- Priv. Jacob Fath, St. Louis, Mo., Jan. 19th, 1863.  
" John W. Clark, St. Louis, Mo., Jan. 28th, 1863.  
Priv. J. N. Pierpont, Springfield, Mo., Feb. 14th, 1863.  
" Edwin J. Joy, St. Louis, Mo., Feb. 3d, 1863.  
Serg't Ellison Holland, Springfield, Mo., Feb. 21st, 1863.  
Priv. Anson T. Pierpont, Springfield, Mo., Feb. 23d, 1863.  
" Albert J. Scott, Springfield, Mo., Feb. 25th, 1863.  
" Deter Wagner, St. Louis, Mo., Feb. 20th, 1863.  
" Simon Buster, St. Louis, Mo., Feb. 25th, 1863.  
" Wm. H. Marshall, Springfield, Mo., March 16th, 1863.  
" Chris. Lester, Springfield, Mo., March 17th, 1863.  
" Henry Hunt, St. Louis, Mo., March 2d, 1863.



- Priv. Jas. J. Griffith, Springfield, Mo., March 25th, 1863.  
 " Fred. Kircher, Springfield, Mo., April 17th, 1863.  
 " Wm. Chapman, Springfield, Mo., April 20th, 1863.  
 " Wm. Cunningham, near Vicksburg, Miss., June 26th, 1863.  
 " C. H. Law, Springfield, Mo., Sept. 29th, 1863.  
 Serg't J. H. Hickline, Keokuk, Iowa, Sept. 27th, 1863.  
 Priv. J. W. Hawkins, New Orleans, La., Sept. 4th, 1863.  
 Serg't John T. Robinson, Davenport, Iowa, June 13th, 1864.  
 Priv. John L. Mann, Davenport, Iowa, June 13th, 1864.  
 " Hugh Fulton, Springfield, Mo., Feb. 1863.  
 " Fred. Webber, Barrancas, Fla., Sept. 13th, 1864.  
 Corp. Wm. Collep, Davenport, Iowa, May 6th, 1865.  
 Priv. Wm. Kinkle, Fort Gaines, Ala., June 26th, 1865.  
 " Jas. F. Watts, Fort Gaines, Ala., June 16th, 1865.  
 " Saml. Turkington, Fort Gaines, Ala. June 16th, 1865.

## TRANSFERRED.

- Priv. Hiram H. Wiggins, V. R. C., St. Louis, Mo., July 29th, '63.  
 " James Smith, V. R. C., July 29th, 1863.  
 " Godfried Kern, V. R. C., July 29th, 1863.  
 Corp. Thos. B. Hatton, V. R. C., July 1st, 1864.  
 Priv. Wm. T. Alley, V. R. C., July 1st, 1864.

## COMPANY "H"—DIED.

- Serg't John Strange, jr., Rolla, Mo., Oct. 19th, 1862.  
 Priv. Thos. E. Hearne, Ozark, Mo., Dec. 7th, 1862.  
 " Jefferson Green, Springfield, Mo. Dec. 4th, 1862.  
 " Theo. Gideon, Springfield, Mo., Jan. 4th, 1863.  
 " Wm. S. Eaton, Springfield, Mo., March 1st, 1863.  
 " Eli Vail, Natchez, Miss., Aug. 1st, 1863.  
 " H. L. Prosser, Vicksburg, Miss., Aug. 4th, 1863.  
 " Wm. Morrison, Port Hudson, La., Aug. 12th, 1863.  
 " Robert Deming, Brownsville, Texas, Feb. 8th, 1864.  
 " Volney R. Bonner, drowned in Rio Grande, April 20th, 1864.  
 " Robt. B. Eaton, New Orleans, La., Sept. 18th, 1864.  
 " John J. McIntosh, drowned in Pensacola Bay, Oct. 1st, '64.  
 " Allred Morris, Pittsburg, Iowa, March 1st, 1865.  
 " Wm. Teter, drowned in Mississippi Sound, April 6th, 1865.

## DISCHARGED.

- Priv. Geo. B. Crail, Springfield, Mo., Dec. 8th, 1862.  
 " Norval J. Utt, St. Louis, Mo., Feb. 9th, 1863.





- Priv. John H. Stewart, St. Louis, Mo., Feb. 26th, 1863.  
 Corp. Wm. W. Phillips, St. Louis, Mo. Feb. 26th, 1863.  
 Priv. Alfred Cochrane, St. Louis, Mo. March 2d, 1863.  
 " Wm. H. Williams, Springfield, Mo., March 4th, 1863.  
 " Francis McCook, Springfield, Mo., March 4th, 1863.  
 " Henry Green, Springfield, Mo., March 14th, 1863.  
 " Saml. R. McCrary, Springfield, March 14th, 1863.  
 " Albert Cochrane, Springfield, Mo., March 16th, 1863.  
 " Robt. F. Robinson, Springfield, Mo., March 21st, 1863.  
 Serg't Jas. A. Russell, Springfield, Mo., March 27th, 1863.  
 Priv. J. W. Cretcher, Springfield, Mo., March 28th, 1863.  
 " Lewis P. Craron, Springfield, Mo., May 12th, 1863.  
 " James Dudley, Keokuk, Iowa, April 4th, 1864.  
 " Jacob Nagle, New Orleans, La., April 22nd, 1865.  
 " David J. Carter, Keokuk, Iowa, May 10th, 1865.  
 " Merritt E. Mooney, Fort Gaines, Ala., June 10th, 1865.  
 " Samuel Baker, New Orleans, La., June 11th, 1865.  
 " Robt. D. Foster, Davenport, Iowa, May 18th, 1865.

## TRANSFERRED.

- Priv. Samuel Werk, V. R. C., Jan. 16th, 1864.  
 " Frank W. Reed, V. R. C., Jan. 15th, 1864.

## COMPANY "I"—DIED.

- Serg't Wm. A. Strong, of wound, Fayetteville, Ark., Dec. 10th, '62.  
 Priv. Harrison O'Hara, of wound, Fayetteville, Ark., Jan. 9th, '63.  
 " John W. Swaz, of wound, Springfield, Mo., Jan. 9th, 1863.  
 " Joseph A. Barker, Lebanon, Mo., Jan. 8th, 1863.  
 " Ferguson Teal, Mississippi River, Aug. 21st, 1863.  
 " Lawrence McGinnis, Keokuk, Iowa, Sept. 25th, 1864.  
 Corp. Wm. A. Holiday, killed, Spanish Fort.  
 Priv. Rufus E. Collins, killed up Escambia Bay, Oct. 18th, 1864.

## DISCHARGED.

- Priv. Mark Godown, Carrollton, Ark. Jan. 16th, 1863.  
 " Henry W. Crawley, Springfield, Mo., Feb. 3d, 1863.  
 " Isaac R. Gaddis, Springfield, Mo., Feb. 5th, 1863.  
 " Thos. E. Doane, Springfield, Mo., Feb. 6th, 1863.  
 " Henry Patterson, Springfield, Mo., Feb. 6th, 1863.  
 " Geo. Lonnon, Springfield, Mo., Feb. 14th, 1863.  
 " John W. Hughes, Springfield, Mo., Feb. 21st, 1863.  
 " Geo. Batcheler, Springfield, Mo., Feb. 23d, 1863.



- Priv. Wm. J. Price, Forsyth, Mo., Feb. 23d, 1863.  
 Corp. Wm. P. Dunham, Springfield, Mo., Feb. 24th, 1863.  
 Priv. John H. Jameson, Springfield, Mo., Feb. 28th, 1863.  
 " John Lorton, Springfield, Mo., Feb. 28th, 1863.  
 Serg't Jacob Nixon, Springfield, Mo., Feb. 28th, 1863.  
 Priv. Stephen Whittlesy, Springfield, Mo., March 3d, 1863.  
 " Henry Dean, St. Louis, Mo., Feb. 23d, 1863.  
 " Russell Johnston, Springfield, Mo., March 14th, 1863.  
 " Henry Gilbert, Springfield, Mo., March 24th, 1863.  
 Corp. Alex. Fix, Springfield, Mo., March 28th, 1863.  
 Priv. Wm. A. Bowles, Springfield, Mo., March 27th, 1863.  
 " Jas. L. Fry, Springfield, Mo., June 21st, 1863.  
 Serg't Geo. P. Linaweaver, St. Louis, Mo., July 9th, 1863.  
 Priv. Geo. W. Humbert, Brownsville, Texas, Oct. 18th, 1863, C.  
 D. A.  
 Priv. David Moody, Davenport, Iowa, May 6th, 1865.  
 Corp. Geo. P. Stevens, New Orleans, La., May 31st, 1865.  
 Priv. Joseph Martin, New Orleans, La., May 31st, 1865.  
 Serg't Henry S. Ward, Fort Gaines, Ala., June 12th, 1865.  
 Priv. Jerome Long, Fort Gaines, Ala., June 12th, 1865.

## TRANSFERRED.

- Priv. A. C. Douglass, V. R. C., Aug. 4th, 1863.  
 " Luman A. Brooks, V. R. C., Jan. 16th, 1864.  
 " Martin Hornbaker, V. R. C., April 6th, 1864.

## COMPANY "K"—DIED.

- Priv. Alex. Simpson, Springfield, Mo., Oct. 19th, 1862.  
 " Theo. Holcomb, Springfield, Mo., Nov. 17th, 1862.  
 " John D. Morris, Springfield, Mo., Nov. 28th, 1862.  
 Corp. Stokely D. Wright, of wound, Fayetteville, Ark., Dec. 17th, 1862.  
 Priv. Thos. W. Savage, Fayetteville, Ark., Dec. 18th, 1862.  
 Corp. Elliott Dickerson, Fayetteville, Ark., Feb. 18th, 1863.  
 Priv. Wm. J. Spring, Fayetteville, Ark., Dec. 30th, 1862.  
 " Doctor Brown, Fayetteville, Ark., Feb. 15th, 1863.  
 " James C. Jay, Fayetteville, Ark., Jan. 11th, 1863.  
 " Wm. Huey, Salem, Mo., May 18th, 1863.  
 " Mills Jay, Brownsville, Texas, Nov. 22nd, 1863.  
 " Eli Stewart, New Orleans, La., Oct. 28th, 1863.  
 " Ithamar Doane, Lee County, Iowa, Feb. 26th, 1864.  
 " Joel W. Starkey, Little Rock, Ark., March 31st, 1864.



## • DISCHARGED.

- Priv. Robt. G. Johnson, Springfield, Mo., Feb. 9th, 1863.  
Serg't G. Cramer, Springfield, Mo., Feb. 22nd, 1863.  
Priv. James C. Bailey, Springfield, Mo., Feb. 24th, 1863.  
" Jefferson Creekbaum, Springfield, Mo., March 10th, 1863.  
" Wm. Erwin, Springfield, Mo., March 17th, 1863.  
" Robt. C. Ives, Springfield, Mo., Feb. 22nd, 1863.  
" Wiley Jay, Springfield, Mo., March 13th, 1863.  
" O. H. Straw, Springfield, Mo., March 3d, 1863.  
" Joseph Weeks, Springfield, Mo., April 4th, 1863.  
" James L. Serviss, Springfield, Mo., Feb. 20th, 1863.  
" Wm. T. Birge, Springfield, Mo., April 19th, 1863.  
" Brant Loyd, Springfield, Mo., March 15th, 1863.  
Serg't E. B. Doane, Davenport, Iowa, for promotion, Aug. 1st, '63.  
Priv. B. F. Holbrook, Carrollton, La., Oct. 14th, 1863.  
" Jacob George, Springfield, Mo., March 23d, 1863.  
" Chas. Woodcock, Springfield, Mo., March 23d, 1863.  
" Robt. E. Jemison, Keokuk, Iowa, Dec. 12th, 1864.  
" Wm. A. Williams, New Orleans, La., March 28th, 1865.  
Corp. Reuben F. Kaster, New Orleans, La., April 22nd, 1865.  
Priv. John W. Wood, Fort Gaines, Ala., May 22nd, 1865.  
" Solomon Luce, New Orleans, La., May 11th, 1865.  
" John D. Trobridge, Davenport, Iowa, May 16th, 1865.  
" Wm. Daly, Cairo, Ills., May 31st, 1865.  
Corp. Thos. N. Pritchard, Color Guard, of wound, Fort Gaines, Ala., May 30th, 1865.  
Priv. Harvey C. Horsey, Fort Gaines, Ala., May 30th, 1865.  
" David Davis, Fort Gaines, Ala., May 30th, 1865.

## TRANSFERRED.

- Priv. Chas. Blowers, V. R. C., Jan. 16th, 1864.  
" Wm. G. Anderson, V. R. C., March 16th, 1864.  
" Robt. N. Bailey, V. R. C., April 10th, 1864.

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